

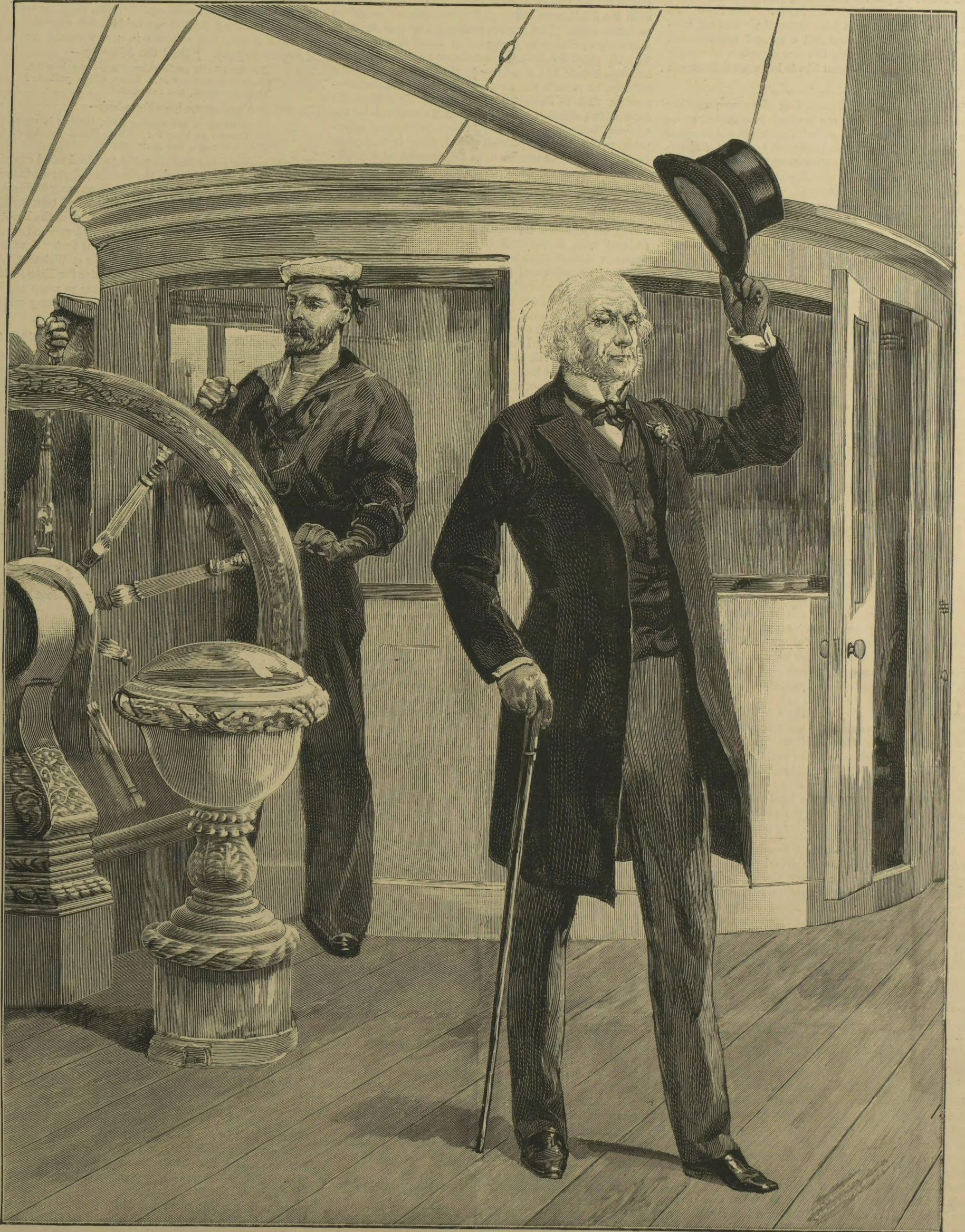
# THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST-OFFICE FOR TRANSMISSION ABROAD.

No. 2783.—VOL. CL.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1892.

WITH SUPPLEMENT:  
PORTRAIT OF RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P. } SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6½d.



MR. GLADSTONE ON BOARD HER MAJESTY'S YACHT ALBERTA, ON HIS WAY TO OSBORNE: AUGUST 15, 1892.

BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. W. H. OVEREND.



## OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

An addition has been made to the ranks of royal and noble authors, which is bad news for the rank and file. It will not make much difference here, if the new writers are really the Emperor and Empress of Japan, particularly as they only write poetry. But is it really so? The verses attributed to that far-away monarch have a very suspicious Western ring about them—

Oft as I read in times of old  
How kingdoms fell and kingdoms rose,  
Unconsciously my arms I fold,  
And, thinking of my realm, I pause.

Now, if there is any rule of rhyme at all, these last words ought to run "I pose." And this is done habitually by an Emperor much nearer home than Japan. "The Press," we have lately been told upon high authority, "will say anything"; and we cannot but feel a natural apprehension that it has been attributing this new departure of royalty to the wrong man. One would like to know what Bismarck thinks about it.

It is not generally known that there was another Shelley—a writer—besides the genius whose centenary we have been lately celebrating. In "The Origin and Progress of Letters," by Massey, this gentleman is spoken of as one of the most celebrated of English worthies; but it must be confessed that he was only speaking of his calligraphy. In the middle of the last century the talent of the writing-master was very highly thought of, and Shelley was its most famous professor. The art was even immortalised in verse—

Thy tender strokes, imitatively fine,  
Crown with perfection every flowing line;  
And to each grand performance add a grace  
As curling hair adorns a beauteous face;  
In every page new fancies give delight,  
And, sporting round the margin, charm the sight.

This is in allusion, the elder Disraeli tells us, to the "sprigged letters" and flourishes with which Shelley adorned his page. Tomkins, another professor of the art, bequeathed to the British Museum a copy of the Bible "embellished with the most beautiful and varied decorations of his pen," and had his bust executed by Chantrey at an abatement of the sculptor's usual price, on the ground that his sitter was "an artist." For all that, he bitterly complains that he could never persuade the Royal Academy to rank him among the engravers, or even to ask him to their annual dinner. In Robert Chambers's autobiography he pathetically tells us that, when a very young man, the only way he could hit upon to bring himself to public notice was the copying out in his beautiful handwriting (the best I have ever seen) one of the stories or poems of Walter Scott.

If the art of the penman or the copyist has receded in the opinion of the world, his intelligence, however, has greatly increased. I can speak with some authority upon this point, for, on account of my handwriting being liable to be misunderstood—for to call it unintelligible is mere rudeness—I have generally had things intended for publication copied out for the printer. A generation ago this work had to be entrusted to "copying clerks," as they were called, and a most dreadful mess they made of it. Instead of leaving blanks where they didn't understand things—because, they said, if they did, their manuscript would be twenty blanks to one prize, like a bazaar lottery—they made shots at the words, and very bad shots they were. I used to ponder over them in both manuscripts, and wonder what on earth they could be intended for. But now the ladies who work the type-writers find, I do not say no difficulty whatever (because they charge me a special price for it), but hardly any difficulty in deciphering my hieroglyphics. They also reproduce the stops; whereas the clerks, being in the legal line, used to ignore them altogether, and to print the protestations of one's lovers as though they were drawing up their wills.

Whatever may be said against Americanisms as regards their interference with the English language in no way applies to new things for which new terms have to be invented, and one is glad to welcome the coinage recently issued from the Mint of San Francisco to express the doings of the type-writer. "Type" (pronounced "typeen") for the machine itself; "Typer" for the male operator, and "Typess" for the female; "To type," to write on the typine; and "Typoscript" for the type-written MS. The last term will have to be improved upon. "Typogram" strikes one as having a more agreeable as also a more familiar sound. Convenience of expression ought to be consulted in these matters before classical accuracy, which would have given us "telegrapheme" instead of "telegram," and, as I am old enough to remember, tried very hard to do it.

It is sad to think that a considerable number of persons still exist who do not believe in Mahatmas, or even in Mediums. They take a malignant pleasure in what they call "exposures" of such persons. A recent failure in connection with Voltaire has given them an opportunity to blaspheme against Spiritualism generally. The great philosopher, we are told, duly appeared at a *séance* in London the other day, and discoursed eloquently on not only the literature of his own day, but upon that of ours, in almost faultless English. What was amiss with it was the dropping of the letter *h*. This is often done by the English themselves, and might well have been excused

in a foreigner. A sceptic among the audience, however, chose to draw the deduction that he was being addressed by no dead Frenchman at all, but by a living inhabitant of Cockaigne. To test this, he asked him (very politely) in French, "Will you be so good as to tell me how many two and two make?" There was no reply, and thereupon, we read, "the *séance* broke up in great confusion." The conclusion arrived at by the scoffer was that this Voltaire did not know French; whereas it is surely quite as likely that he was unacquainted with arithmetic. It is deplorable that people cannot be more fair-minded.

As it is an ill wind that blows nobody any good, so it must be a favourable breeze indeed which is not harmful to something. The elections, the result of which, some people tell us, will be to make everybody happy, including even the Irish, have not a good effect upon subscriptions to testimonials. The money, perhaps, has been spent in that truly charitable way concerning which it is desirable that the right hand should not know what the left hand has been about; but, at all events, there has been a falling off even as regards the most meritorious of memorials—namely, that to James Russell Lowell. This takes the form of two stained-glass windows in the vestibule of the Chapter House of Westminster Abbey, and a more appropriate spot it would be difficult to find, since in that place Lowell delivered an address upon the erection of a monument in Westminster Abbey to his countryman Longfellow. On another occasion, that of the Stanley Memorial, he there observed: "It seems to me my presence here is an augury of that day, which may be distant, but which I believe will surely come, when the character and services of every eminent man of the British race in every land, under whatever distant skies he may have been born, shall be common possession and the common inheritance and the common pride of every branch which is sprung from our ancestral stem." These words were spoken at a time when there was a rift between English authors and the American Government (though not its people), which precluded much common sympathy. It is thanks, in great part, to Lowell himself that that rift has been closed, and that the day he spoke of as distant has actually arrived. For this reason alone, independent of the claim he makes upon us on literary grounds, he is surely deserving of honour. The memorial will be erected; but subscriptions are still necessary for its fitting accomplishment, and may be paid to the account of the Lowell Memorial Fund, Messrs. Robarts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard Street. It would be pleasant to see the windows completed, at latest, by Feb. 22, the birthday both of Lowell and Washington.

Some discussion has arisen in America concerning the camping out of the tenement-house people—that is, of the very poor of the towns—during the heats of summer. It seems to point to the conclusion, in addition to the great practical difficulties of the matter, that they do not care, except for a very short time, to live in the country. The City Arab loves his city, notwithstanding its fiery aridness, as the Arab loves his desert. This taste is by no means so peculiar as may be imagined. It is generally believed that all London children, including those of the upper classes, delight in the country, and much prefer it to living in town. This is a delusion. I know many little people who, though they like a week or two among the green fields, and especially by the seaside, get very weary of the monotony of country life. "I like the dear streets," confessed one little lady to me the other day, "and the shops and the omnibuses." Whereupon I whispered sympathisingly in her pretty ear, "And so (strictly between you and me and the gatepost) does Grandpapa."

"When a lady elopes down a ladder of ropes," says the Cavalier in the ballad, "she may go to Hong Kong for me." But all lovers are not so sensible. Herr Dersak, of Hall, in Austria, married a young woman who immediately after the ceremony decamped with another gentleman, leaving this simple statement of facts behind her: "I never cared for you, and I fondly love Emil. You will not be angry with me, for what would it have availed you to live with a woman that could not reciprocate your affection? I was content to endure you up to the time of our wedding, because the presents you made me were handsome and very acceptable. Farewell, and give yourself no trouble in the matter, for you will never find us." A more reasonable epistle, though it was a little cruel, was surely never written; but Herr Dersak was far from satisfied. His Anna had not gone to Hong Kong, but she had gone some distance, to Paris; yet he discovered her address. After a few months she received a letter to say her father was dying, and summoning her to Prague. She hastened with her Emil to see the last of him, and found him in perfect health, but with his home surrounded by policemen, and the two runaways have been committed to prison for two years as common cheats. It may have been unjustifiable in Herr Dersak to have invented the story of his father-in-law's indisposition; but the device of the honest German was at least preferable to the course usually favoured by French husbands, who follow the peccant pair with a revolver, and, under "extenuating circumstances," shoot them both.

We are to have no more comical replies to examination papers in Government reports. This will take all the colour

out of the Bluebooks, and leave them a dull library indeed. It is so common for a candidate to be right (with a crib), and so rare to be humorously wrong (without intending it), that one cannot but regret that these plums are no longer to be retained in the educational cake. It will be very doughy, or, as the Scotch call it, "dowie." Let us call to mind a few of the later replies, which, it seems, are also to be the last. "What do you know of Germany?" "Germany is an important town in Prussia, with large oyster fisheries." What a geographical picture of a great locality, with its exports, is here! and where shall we ever find it elsewhere? "After the battle of Worcester, what became of young Charles?" "He hid in a she-oak tree." In what botanical work shall we find such a tree as this, which seems delicately to hint at the weakness of the "Merry Monarch" for the fair sex, even in his adversity? "Give examples of affixes, with their meanings." "Ern, meaning behind, as astern." Very few of us could have answered this question at all, and not one in ten thousand in this ingenuous manner. "Read the following—

The Campbells are coming; McGregor is near.  
Oh, dinna ye hear it? What, dinna ye hear?  
They are come, the avengers."

The "following," as read (in Form II.)—

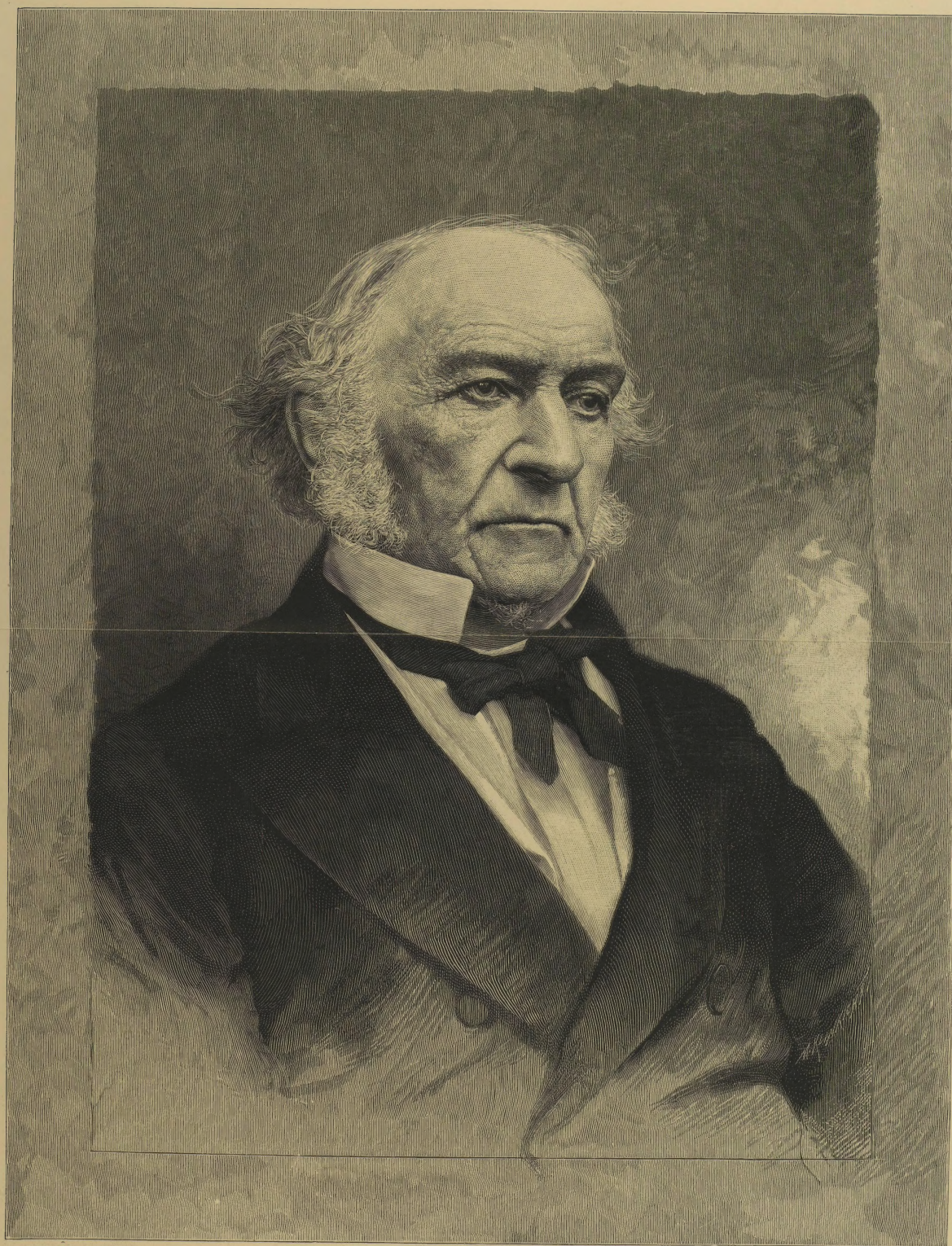
The Campbells are coming; Mr. Gregor is near.  
Oh Dinah! ye hear it? What, Dinah yet here?  
They are come, the scavengers."

The above shows the difficulty the youthful mind experiences in grappling even with the Scotch dialect; how much more, therefore, with the Greek? "Write an essay on Fools." "Fools are of two kinds. Professional fools and born fools." This is surely a much more charitable view of the human race than Carlyle's. It is sad to think that we shall never more read such original views of history as that "Curdliou [Cœur de Lion] was killed at the battle of Waterloo," or that the Rye House Plot was "to murder the King in his cab at the Rye House Hotel." They were so much better fun than the real histories, and probably not so very much more untrustworthy.

I do not think the ladies generally will feel indebted to Professor Lambroso's views of woman's sensibility as stated at the Psychological Conference. He admits that man "loves, flatters, and despises, but without understanding her," but apparently thinks that if she were fatter—or, at all events, heavier—her intelligence would be equal to that of the other sex: "the weight of her brain would then become greater in proportion." The Professor agrees with the general scientific (and very convenient) opinion that women have less sensibility to suffering than men, and this extends even to moral troubles, "for, though they dread calamity more before it comes, they bear it better when the blow has fallen." As to female tears, the Professor says that until a man arrives at thirty years of age he is taken in by them, but not after his intelligence becomes mature. They are no proof of the sensibility of women, but only of their artfulness. The Professor would have a bad time, we fear, with a Female Suffrage committee or—which, however, is a very different thing—with a jury of matrons.

It is the peculiarity of so-called religious novels that the gravity of every transgression is exaggerated. They are all, indeed, made so heinous that the sense of proportion is lost, and murder seems not much worse than playing at marbles on a Sunday. The ruin of a man's character is dated from when, as a boy, he made his uncle an April fool, which, although sanctioned by custom, is equivalent to a falsehood, and we all know what lying leads to. Even in real life, among a certain class of religionists, this want of comparison is observed. Anyone who has heard a Revivalist making confession on the stool of repentance must have noticed how inconsistent with the vehemence of his self-denunciation are the peccadilloes he talks about. One feels a temptation to lend him one or two from one's own list to make a more respectable show. The man is posing as a sinner, but if one is to believe him (which one doesn't) he has been all his life almost a saint. There is none of this nonsense about that serious novel "A Penitent Soul." The hero, from whose private papers the book has been compiled, has really something to confess, and doesn't make a fuss about nothing. Considering, indeed, that he has been brought up in the strictest sect of the Pharisees, and been in the habit of being "converted" every Sunday, and of only very gently backsliding in the middle of the week, the rapidity with which he goes to the bad, when he does begin, is tremendous. If he had been brought up on Zola's stories and Little's poems, instead of never having looked at a novel, and taken his poetry from Kirke White, he could hardly have done it quicker. He toboggans, as it were, down the ice-hill of morality, and makes the quickest record of it, from the top to the bottom, that certainly any Methodist preacher (for such was his calling) has ever attained. It is, however, an interesting story, most touchingly told. Aunt Grace is a charming creature, of whom we can hardly read with dry eyes; Mr. Dart is also good in his way, though his way is not charming; and if of Mrs. Flemming one does not think quite so highly as our autobiographer seems to have done, we must remember the book is not illustrated, and it was her appearance that was so much in her favour. If it strikes one occasionally that the Penitent Soul makes rather too much of his penitence and rather too little of his sins, let us charitably set it down to his early training.





MEN OF THE DAY.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY S. A. WALKER, REGENT STREET, W.

THE RIGHT HON. W. E. GLADSTONE, M.P.

PRIME MINISTER FOR THE FOURTH TIME.



## "HOBSON JOBSON" IN CAIRO.

BY DEAN BUTCHER.

On the tenth day of the first month of the Mohammedan year, called the month of Moharram, occurs the great festival of the Shiites. It is a commemoration of Hassan and Hosseyn, the grandsons of the Prophet, and is celebrated wherever the Shiites are to be found in any considerable numbers. It is called sometimes the feast of the Yom Ashora (the tenth day), but generally the feast of Hassan and Hosseyn, and this, according to the late Colonel Yule, is perverted in India by the British soldiers into the feast of "Hobson Jobson." Islam, though it preserves an outward semblance of unity, is divided into at least seventy-three sects, and of these the Shiites are conspicuous and influential. They reject the authority of the first three Khalifs—Abu Bekr, Omar, and Othman—and rank Ali, the grandson of Mohammed, on a par with the Prophet himself. It follows that these two sons of Ali, Hassan and Hosseyn, who both met with violent and tragic deaths, are revered as martyrs and commemorated with a fervour in the highest degree startling and impressive. There are few festivals to compare with this of Yom Ashora. It takes the spectator back over two thousand years, for, though a Mohammedan festival, its "fierce ritual" transports one in imagination to the day when Elijah braved the priests of Baal and Astarte on the steep of Carmel.

About eight o'clock in the evening I take my place at the window of a house or in an open carriage in the midst of the Muski Street of Cairo. Perhaps a carriage, the convenient open victoria that in Cairo supplies the place of a cab, is the better post of observation than a window. Sometimes one has a long wait, but there is always plenty to amuse one. All the personages of "The Arabian Nights" are outpoured to enchant us. But, alas! Sindbad and Hindbad and Ali Cogia and Baba Abdalla and Bedreddin Hassan and Nonreddin Ali are jostled by men in top-hats and women in toilettes copied from Paris. And the shop is not the old *dokhan*, with the owner sitting cross-legged on his carpet in front of it, but a mongrel building, with glass windows and advertising dummies dressed in the last new fashions, looking down slantwise from the upper balconies.

However, in spite of modern drawbacks, there is a sense of something weird and mysterious in the sultry August air. The crowd silently and slowly collects, and at last they line the streets. All is hushed. Then a distant sound is heard. It is not the murmur of a common crowd; it is rhythmical and solemn. Indeed, it consists, we discover, of two names, chanted in a strange, measured cadence—"Hassan, Hosseyn," "Hassan, Hosseyn," "Hassan, Hosseyn." The same words over and over again form the burden of the dirge-like chant. We strain our eyes in the direction of the sound, and see the gleam and flash of lights. The procession comes nearer and nearer. The singing becomes wilder, and the clash of swords mingles with it. Then we see the three component parts of the grim pageant.

First the torchbearers—lines of men carrying flaming cressets and lanterns—the fire-flakes dropping to the right and left, for the carriers have caught the excitement of the night, and hold the torches with unsteady hands. Then, secondly, comes the band of men whose voices we have heard in the distance—strange figures, bare-legged and naked to the waist—brandishing and clashing heavy scimitars, and gashing each other until every sword is "blood-boltered" as Banquo's ghost. There is no mistake about the wounds inflicted. There is real blood shed, and real cuts that leave a lifelong scar are received in that savage play. But the scimitar is not the only instrument of self-torture employed. Those fanatics who have no swords, swing heavy iron chains, and with these they bruise their backs and chests unmercifully.

Thirdly, come the representatives of the heroes—not, strange to say, grown men, but children. Two boys of nine or ten years of age are the figures around whom the orgy circles. Their foreheads are cut and bleeding, and they are held on the high, antique saddles of their horses by their parents. The horses are always white, caparisoned with leather trappings and hung with armour. The children themselves look pale, dazed, and miserable, yet it is a lifelong honour to have represented Hassan or Hosseyn in that yearly festival of the Faith, which is—speaking with all reverence—to the Persian Shiite what the Passion Play of Oberammergau is to the Roman Christian. It may be asked why this ceremonial is still observed in Cairo. The Doseh, or Trampling, when a sheikh rode on a heavy horse over a long line of prostrate men, killing some and injuring others, was abolished by the late Khedive Tewfik, and a flourishing European suburb called Tewfikieh was grown up on the open place where the cruel fête was celebrated. Would it not be of a piece with this humane policy if the Shiites were forbidden to stab and gash themselves on the Tenth Day of Moharram? In India, under British rule, the ceremony is a gay feast of lanterns, with no self-inflicted tortures as a feature of the pageant. Perhaps the reason is that Cairo is the headquarters of the cult, for in the Mosque of Hassanien, off the Muski Street, the head of the hero Hosseyn is deposited. Here, then, the old rites will probably survive longer than anywhere else; but neither the Egyptian Government nor the Power in occupation will regret when wooden swords are substituted for steel ones, and the paint-pot supplies the "trenched gashes" now so real and deep. There is one point worth noting. In Bombay the feast of Hassan and Hosseyn is celebrated with "maimed" (not maiming) rites; but so hot are religious passions that disturbances often occur between the Sunnites and the Shiites, and British troops are called upon to keep order. In Cairo, though a large majority of the population are Orthodox—i.e., Sunnite Mohammedans—and regard the Shiites as heretics, no hostilities ever happen. The Cairene is glad of any excuse for a *fantasia*, as he calls every show from a coronation to a funeral, and lets his *odium theologicum* sleep.

## OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

## THE CHANGE OF GOVERNMENT.

Mr. Gladstone has replaced Lord Salisbury as First Minister of the Crown, and has formed the fourth Administration of which since 1868 he has been the unquestioned chief. The change was brought about on the morning of Friday, Aug. 12, by a majority of forty, 350 members voting for Mr. Asquith's motion of "No Confidence" and 310 against it. The division was the largest ever taken in the House of Commons, and included every member of the House who could have been present and to whom the House gives the right of voting. The ten members who took no part in the decisive issue may be accounted for in the following way: Mr. William O'Brien was returned for two constituencies, and could only vote for one; the Holborn Division was vacant on account of Mr. Gainsford Bruce's acceptance of a judgeship; the Speaker and four tellers did not vote; Mr. Winterbotham (Liberal) and Mr. Wharton (Conservative) were ill and were paired against each other; and Mr. Curran (Nationalist) was absent in Australia. All the other members—three of whom, by-the-way, were seriously ill—voted, and Mr. Gladstone's majority corresponded exactly with that which the estimates of the result of the General Election assigned to him. Since that period the work of Government-making has been accomplished in a number of interviews between the new Premier and his chief lieutenants, and by Mr. Gladstone's visit to Osborne on Monday, Aug. 15. He then kissed hands on his appointment as First Lord of the Treasury, and submitted the list of his new Ministry for the Queen's approval. The composition of the new Government shows that, on the whole, Mr. Gladstone has gone to familiar sources for the most responsible positions in the Cabinet, but that he has also leavened what has been disrespectfully called the "old gang" with some significant selections from the younger men in his party. Thus, Mr. Asquith becomes the new Home Secretary, and Mr. Arthur Acland, son of Mr. Gladstone's old college friend, Sir Thomas Acland, also joins the Cabinet as Vice-President of the Council. Mr. Bryce, who was Under-Secretary for Foreign

lobbies, by way of the bar, and he got a royal greeting from his followers. First the Irishmen, and then the regular Opposition, rose *en masse*, and stood shouting and waving their hats till their chief was seated. Mr. Balfour had a similar reception as he slipped to his place from behind the chair. Mr. Majoribanks, the new Chief Whip of the Government, brought the tidings of the majority, whispering the figures to Mr. Gladstone before he took his place in front of the table to the right of the Speaker, which is always given up to the successful tellers. For some time it was impossible to get silence for the reading out of the result, so noisy and so excited was the whole House. When the figures were known there was another wild interval of cheering, and still another when the Speaker, in his grave, clear tones, repeated the words which Mr. Arnold Morley had already spoken. The Speaker quickly, and probably without the knowledge of the greater part of the House, put the motion for the carrying of the Address, disregarding Mr. Keir Hardie, who rose from his left in order to propose an amendment in favour of an autumn Session.

Then, amid a wild scene, with hisses from the Irishmen, cheers from his followers, and cries of "Evicted!" "Remember Mitchelstown!" "Down with Coercion!" Mr. Balfour stepped quietly to the table, and in the most ordinary tones moved the adjournment of the House. Ten minutes later the great forum was empty, and the excited assembly had found its way to the quiet outside under the stars. Mr. Gladstone had a great reception from the crowd as he drove away with Mrs. Gladstone (who had watched the scene from her usual corner in the Ladies' Gallery) out of Palace Yard.

## THE COMPENSATIONS OF DEFEAT.

Mr. Balfour may find some consolation for his defeat in the fact of his continued and even increased popularity in his own party. The great reception which the Ministerialists gave him as he returned from the division lobby on Friday, Aug. 12, was no forced demonstration. Modern Conservatism "believes" in Mr. Balfour as it used to believe in Lord Randolph Churchill, and as, perhaps, it has never quite believed in Mr. Balfour's greater uncle, Lord Salisbury. As for the late Leader of the

House, it is probable that he will take his fall with the utmost philosophy. He is quite as fond of golf, which he plays with fair though not remarkable skill, as he is of the House of Commons, and he has literary tastes and diversions which he shares with Mr. Gladstone. There can be no doubt, too, that he can afford to be satisfied with the personal record of the last six years. When the Parliament of 1886 began its course, Mr. Balfour was known as a clever young man, a shrewd but infrequent debater, who was likely to make his way. Now that it has ended, he emerges as the heir-presumptive to the Premiership, the man who unites all sections of the party under his leadership of the Commons. As a debater he has improved out of all knowledge. He is ready, his wit is keen, his powers of self-command, of dialectical resource, are very considerable, and though he still speaks with a slight hesitancy, which he only overcomes completely in more animated passages, he is very nearly an orator of the first quality. His principal "note," however, has been his steadiness of nerve. The Irishmen greeted his appointment as Irish Secretary with cool contempt. They went on to bitter and often unreason-



Photo by C. J. Emeny, Walton-on-the-Naze.

THE COMPENSATIONS OF DEFEAT: MR. BALFOUR ON THE GOLF LINKS AT FELIXSTOWE.

Affairs in the 1886 Administration, is promoted to the inner circle. Apart from these appointments, the most significant nominations in the new Gladstone Administration are those of Sir William Harcourt, who goes back to the Exchequer as Mr. Goschen's successor, and who will act as Mr. Gladstone's deputy in the House of Commons, and of Lord Rosebery, who, after some diplomatic *pourparlers* and some hesitation arising from the state of his health, succeeds Lord Salisbury as Foreign Secretary. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman goes back to the War Office, and Lord Spencer takes the Admiralty. Lord Houghton, somewhat to the general surprise, goes to Dublin as Viceroy, it being understood that Lord Aberdeen is next year to succeed Lord Stanley as Governor-General of Canada. Sir Charles Russell does not, at present at least, succeed Lord Coleridge as Lord Chief Justice, but again becomes Attorney-General; with Mr. Rigby, a powerful Chancery barrister, as Solicitor-General. The remainder of the Cabinet and of the outer circle of the Ministry is made up of familiar elements, combined with some younger men of the type of Mr. Sydney Buxton, who did some excellent social work in the last Parliament, and Sir Edward Grey, the young scion of an old and famous political house.

The scene which accompanied the overthrow of Lord Salisbury's Government was, perhaps, less truly dramatic than that attending the downfall of Mr. Gladstone's Government in 1885, but it was full of exciting, almost turbulent, episodes. After a singularly brilliant and caustic piece of rhetoric from Mr. Chamberlain, the debate was wound up by Mr. Chaplin, who had to speak against time, for one or two members of the Ministerial minority were late, and it was necessary to delay the division till their arrival. The Irishmen much resented this prolonging of the debate, and visited their displeasure on the Minister. Mr. Chaplin ploughed gallantly on with his largely extempore speech, but every clause was the subject of interruption, half scornful, half angry, and prolonged groans, perpetual cries of "Vide! Vide! Vide!" uttered in every imaginable key, cruel laughter, and loud talking greeted every pause in the orator's flow. At length Dr. Tanner, a privileged jester, marched solemnly up to Mr. Chaplin's side, walking from the bar, and laid a glass of water on the despatch box. Then he returned to his seat amid the thunderous laughter of his friends. However, by twelve the belated Conservatives had arrived, and Mr. Chaplin, obedient to a hint from his leader, sat down, while the House cleared for the division. It was a full House—packed to the doors—and the counting of votes took over twenty minutes. Mr. Gladstone was almost the last member to return from the

ing hatred, and they have concluded with a certain respect, not, perhaps, at the bottom of their hearts, unmixed with liking. Mr. Balfour has throughout these changes maintained his attitude of cool criticism, sustained by a certain pride of race and birth and intellect. Mr. Healy once complained that the then Irish Secretary treated and looked at the Irish members as if they were a new species of beetle. There was a cynical truth in the gibe, but Mr. Balfour has on occasions been quite as elaborately courteous to his foes as he has at other times been coolly and even contemptuously indifferent. Physically, he has borne the strain of Irish government with unequalled success. Ireland "got on the nerves" of Mr. Forster and Sir George Trevelyan as she has never done on what seemed the much more sensitive organism of Mr. Balfour.

As Leader of the House, Mr. Balfour has not equalled the astonishingly brilliant record of Lord Randolph Churchill, who led his party as perhaps it has never, even in the great "Dizzy's" days, been led before. He has made some mistakes of routine, for Mr. Balfour has not an infinite capacity for taking trouble. But as soon as he settled down to his work he made many excellent speeches, and he has never been either dull or ineffective. He has now to make a fresh reputation as leader of a powerful Opposition, one of the most powerful of the century.

## A VENETIAN FÊTE AT RICHMOND.

On Aug. 15 there took place at Richmond a pretty fête, after the manner of the beautiful city on the Adriatic. Many thousands gathered by the waterside, which the residents had dressed picturesquely with thousands of lights; all manner of craft covered the stream, and a flotilla of illuminated boats passed down. Amid the trees there hung glowing fruits, while precious gems of every hue—red, blue, green, and white—strewn the ground. Some of the displays were quite uncommon. One gentleman had erected an arch of many-hued gas lamps over his garden gate, another had festooned his balcony, the Norse Club looked like Aladdin's palace, the Pigeons shone like their cousins of Java and Borneo; but the most splendid and effective show was made by Mr. Messum, the well-known boat-builder, whose long-stretching premises literally blazed with effulgence most elaborately and tastefully arranged. The sight is described as altogether novel, enchanting, and picturesque. One seemed transported, writes an enthusiastic journalist, from sober England into some land told of in "The Arabian Nights" or the "Tales" of Madame d'Aulnoy.





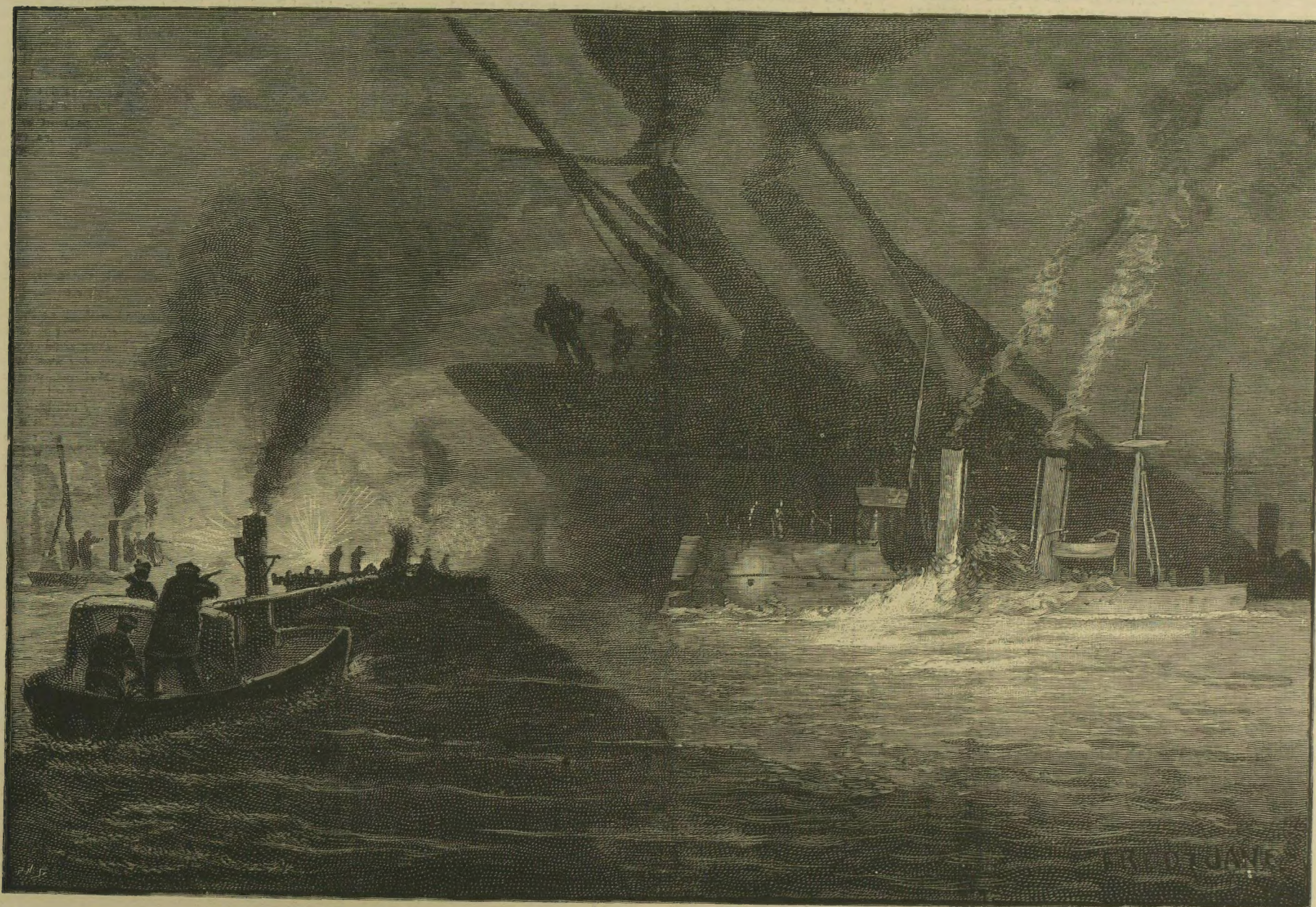
VENETIAN FÊTE ON THE THAMES AT RICHMOND, AUGUST 15.



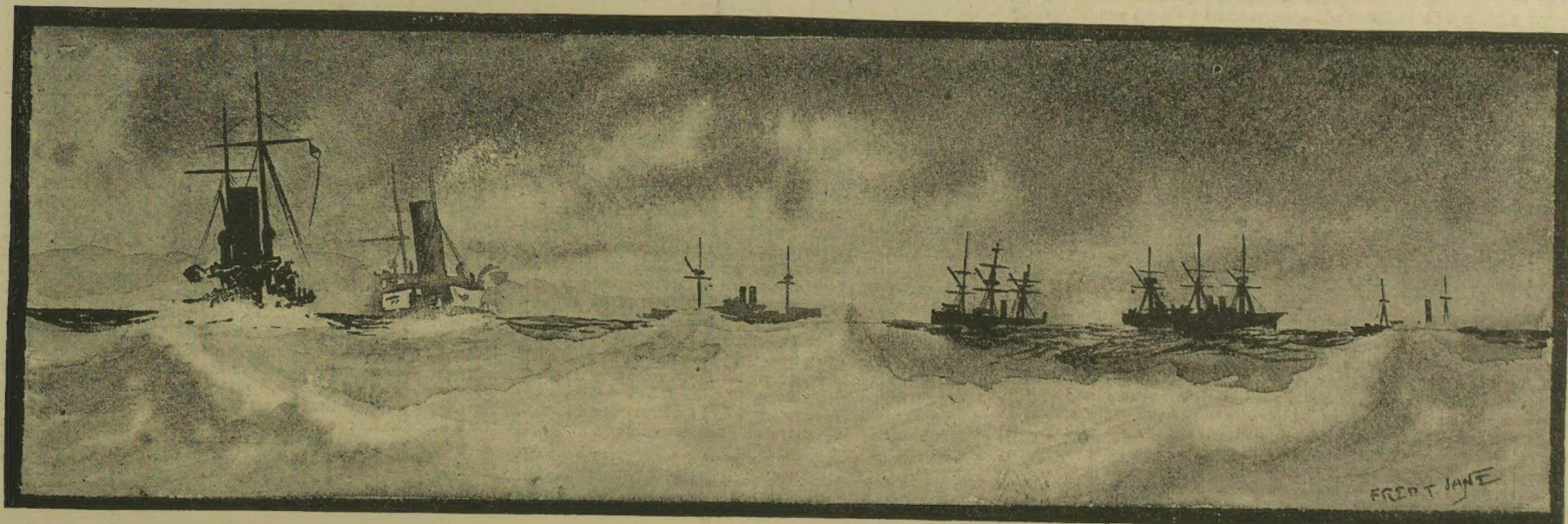
# THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.



THE BEGINNING OF THE END: THE ENEMY DESTROYING THE BLUE FLEET MINES, AS SEEN FROM H.M.S. NORTHAMPTON.



BATTLE ON THE MINE-FIELD: RED TORPEDO CRUISERS ATTACKING UNDER SEARCH-LIGHTS FROM THE BLUES ASHORE.—PICKET BOATS ADVANCING TO REPEL ENEMY'S BOATS; SHADOW OF CRUISER THROWN ON SKY BY SEARCH-LIGHTS.



Hotspur. Belleisle. Neptune. Shannon. Nelson. Forth.

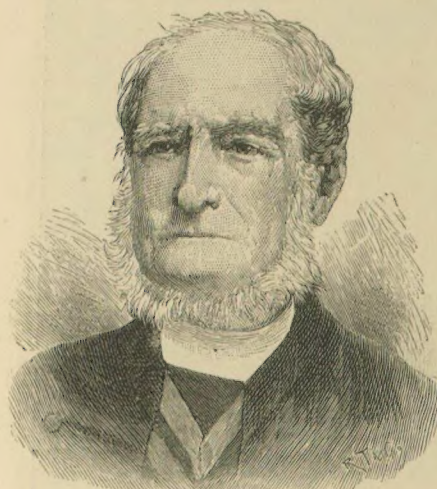
IRONCLADS OF THE BLUE SQUADRON PUTTING TO SEA FOR THE LAST TIME BEFORE BEING SHUT UP IN BELFAST LOUGH.

SKETCHED FROM STERN OF THE NORTHAMPTON.



## PERSONAL.

Reference to the jubilee of the Bishop of Guiana will be found in our "Ecclesiastical Notes," but it may be supplemented by information derived from a correspondent of the *Times*, who sends to that journal an extract from the letters patent nominating Bishop Austin to the see of Guiana in 1842. It is not without interest, he adds, that fifty years after the date of these letters patent the Sovereign who issued them and the prelate nominated should both be alive. In reference to the Bishop's reputation as an oarsman, he having taken a prominent part in promoting the first Inter-University boat-race, the same correspondent writes: "The athletic training of Bishop Austin as an oarsman was admirably appropriate to the circumstances of his diocese. In Guiana, except on a fringe of coast, great rivers form the main highways, and creeks and streams the byways, nearly all communication in the interior being by boat. At the ripe age of eighty-two years the Bishop started on a visitation tour of eighty-one days to the mission stations of the interior, which can only be reached by the perilous path of streams impeded at frequent intervals in their course through the dense forests by falls and rapids, the cause of many fatal disasters. In his eighty-fourth year I had the privilege of accompanying him on a visitation tour to the aboriginal Indians and other settlers in a part of the colony, near the mouth of the Orinoco, of particular historical interest from its connection with the enterprises of Sir Walter Raleigh. In 1891, during the jubilee year of his episcopacy, Bishop Austin received from the Queen the appointment of Prelate of the Order of St. Michael and St. George. His tenure of this office will, doubtless, in some parts of our Colonial Empire, give additional interest to the fiftieth anniversary of his consecration as bishop."



BISHOP AUSTIN.

We have already referred to Mr. Asquith's personality in our note on his performance as leader of the attack on Lord Salisbury's Government, but a new interest attaches to him in his entrance, at forty, into Mr. Gladstone's Cabinet as Home Secretary. Mr. Asquith is one of the very youngest Cabinet Ministers "on record." But he has many qualifications for the post. Just as at Oxford he was described as the "best examinee that ever lived," so he is as level-headed a politician as can well be imagined. He is an excellent lawyer, with a good, if not especially large, practice, which, for the time at least, he must relinquish. Moreover, he is distinctly the most finished of the younger race of Parliamentary

appointment strengthens Mr. Gladstone's Ministry on the social side.

The third new Cabinet Minister is Mr. James Bryce, who has served his apprenticeship as Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs. Mr. Bryce is a scholar, an historian, and a traveller of real eminence, and, if the truth must be told, his chief successes have been won in the field of literature rather than in that of politics. He is the author of at least two classical works, "The Holy Roman Empire" and a "History of the American Commonwealth." He did some useful work, in a small way, in the House while he was member for the Tower Hamlets; but his chief achievements have consisted of one or two learned Constitutional speeches on Home Rule, which have attracted Mr. Gladstone's marked attention. His lighter amusement is mountaineering, in which he is an expert. Rumour credits him with being one of the proprietors of the *Speaker*. His political attitude is that of a medium Liberal, and his appointment to Cabinet office does not strengthen the Radical section. Personally, he is an amiable, courteous, and refined man. He lately married a daughter of Mr. Thomas Ashton, of Manchester.

Mr. C. F. Gill, who has just been appointed senior prosecuting counsel for the Treasury in succession to Sir James Forrest Fulton, is another notable example of the forensic ability of Irishmen. Mr. Gill, who had the advantage of "reading" with Mr. Douglas Straight and "devilling" for Mr. Montagu Williams, was called to the Bar in 1874. He has been junior prosecuting counsel for the Treasury since 1889, and prosecutes for the Banking Association and the Post Office. Mr. Gill, who is extremely popular, has pluck as well as ability, and has on more than one occasion—noticeably in the Marks v. Butterfield case—broken a lance with his great countryman, Sir Charles Russell, encounters in which the eminent Q.C. has sometimes come off second best. Mr. Gill is in politics a Conservative, and holds the Recordship of Chester.

Lord Salisbury will remain at the Châlet Cecil, Dieppe, until October, when it is expected that he will return to Hatfield. It is more than a year since he visited the Châlet Cecil, a house of which he is particularly fond, as he is of the somewhat bald scenery about Dieppe. Lady Salisbury, on the contrary, is said to prefer the Villa Beaulieu, whither she will go with her husband during the months of December and January next. Lord Salisbury has just accepted the distinction of the hideous Windsor uniform—a distinction accorded during the present reign to three statesmen only, Lord Melbourne, Lord Palmerston, and Lord Grey. At the same time, he is said to have refused the dukedom which the Queen pressed upon him.

On Aug. 10, at the White Lodge, Richmond Park, Princess May was the recipient of a presentation by the Countess of Aberdeen on behalf of the members and associates of the Onward and Upward Association and other friends who desired to give tangible expression to their deep sympathy with her sorrow. It will be remembered that a letter appeared from Lady Aberdeen in the newspapers, suggesting that some personal souvenir of the late Duke of Clarence, such as a miniature, would form a suitable offering to the young Princess, to whom all hearts went forth. The idea was taken up by the above association of about 7500 women, of whom the great majority are working women and girls. The sums sent in were mostly very small, ranging from one penny upwards, and were accompanied by words showing how spontaneously they were given. Other women outside the association desired to join in

poet. Here is the poet's heart, also a lock of his hair (another lock of hair which Lady Shelley possessed she gave to Miss Alma Murray after that lady's performance of Beatrice Cenci), manuscripts, portraits, and a copy of Weekes's marble group of the drowned poet, the original of which is in the beautiful old priory church of Christchurch, which quaint old town is but a few miles from Boscombe.

Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne visited the studio of Mr. Adams Acton on the afternoon of Aug. 12. Mr. Adams Acton is an old friend of Mr. Gladstone, who visited his studio last week. The sculptor was also a great friend of the late Cardinal Manning, of whom he modelled some particularly fine busts. Mrs. Adams Acton was the adopted daughter of the late John Herring, the painter. She obtained some notoriety a few years ago by walking from Scotland to London with her husband and her three children. Mr. Adams Acton has made several likenesses of Mr. Gladstone, all very successful.

The first bishop of the newly created see of Lucknow is to be the Rev. Alfred Clifford, M.A., the Church Missionary Society's secretary for the diocese of Calcutta. The choice of her Majesty has fallen upon one of the ablest of the younger clergy in India. The Bishop-elect, who was born at Torquay, graduated at Cambridge in 1872. He was at once ordained, and began work as curate of St. Nicholas', Nottingham; but, after a short experience, he went out to Calcutta as an agent of the Church Missionary Society. His most prominent work has been done as secretary of the mission, in which capacity he came much into contact with the Bishop of the diocese. In 1886 the Bishop made him one of his honorary chaplains. Mr. Clifford's duties have often been of a delicate and critical character, but he has discharged them with much tact and discretion. His appointment has given very wide satisfaction.

The Rev. Albert Remington Steggall, the young missionary who has been accused by the Germans of arming the natives who defeated the German attack on Mochi, Chagga, comes from Durham. His father, the Rev. Frederick Steggall, has been Vicar of Consett since 1863. Mr. A. R. Steggall was educated at Durham University, where he graduated with distinction in 1883. He was ordained three years later, and came up to serve a curacy in Islington. In 1889 he joined the staff of the Church Missionary Society, and was sent to East Africa. Ten years before this that old tyrant Mandara, ruling over the Chagga country on the lower slopes of Kilima-Njaro, had asked the society's representatives at Mombasa to send him a white man. A station was accordingly opened at Mochi, Mandara's capital, in 1885, when Hannington (afterwards the martyr-bishop) visited the district. To this station Mr. Steggall was sent. The German flag was hoisted in the country by Lieutenant Ehlers soon after Mr. Steggall's arrival; and when Mandara died they set up Meli, his eldest son, in his place. It has been slow work at Mochi, but has steadily grown more and more encouraging under Mr. Steggall's care.

Baron Limnander de Nieuwenhove, who died at Paris on Aug. 15, at the age of seventy-eight, was a composer of marked ability, and for some years held a distinguished position among writers for the French lyric stage. He was born at Ghent, and resided for several years in Malines, where he became conductor of the Réunion Lyrique, and wrote a large number of choral pieces before seriously studying composition under Fétis. In 1845 he went to Paris, and there obtained notice through the rendering of some of his choruses, one of which had to be sung with the "bouche fermée"—an effect until then not known in France. His first opera, "Les Monténégrins," was produced



GOLD BOX OF FRENCH WORKMANSHIP PRESENTED TO PRINCESS MAY.

orators, and for restrained excellence of style he compares with Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Chamberlain. He cultivates epigram in moderation, his elocution would be perfect were it not for a slight suggestion of the criminal lawyer's "tones," and he has culture which is not too deep and quite deep enough. He will probably make a first-rate Home Secretary, for he is strong, clear-headed, and wide awake.

Mr. Arthur H. D. Acland's appointment to the Cabinet is in some respects even more significant than Mr. Asquith's. Mr. Acland is very much more than the son of one of Mr. Gladstone's oldest friends. He has done distinguished and original work on the great social problems of co-operation, village government, trade unionism, and education. It was he who defeated the late Government on the question of applying the spirit duties to technical education, and he has been the untiring and most able secretary of the Technical Education Association. The subject of parish councils he has also made his own, and the miners he employs in his Yorkshire constituency know and have cause to love him well. He is an old Balliol man, and an old friend of Arnold Toynbee, the promise of whose career was so early cut off. A modest and personally unambitious man, he has won his way to the front by sheer good work, knowledge, and intelligent interest in social problems. His

the gift, and several contributions were sent anonymously. With the money thus collected, a very beautiful and finely worked gold box of French workmanship, belonging at one time to one of the French kings of the last century, was purchased, and on the lid was set an exquisite miniature of the Duke painted by the well-known miniature painter, Mr. Edward Taylor, from a photograph by Chancellor, of Dublin. Mr. Taylor enjoyed the advantage of advice from some of his Royal Highness's personal friends. The result has been a likeness with which the young Princess and her mother declared themselves altogether pleased. In receiving it from Lady Aberdeen's hands, Princess May begged that the donors might all be told how much touched and gratified she was with their gift and how highly she would always value it.

Jane, Lady Shelley, the widow of the late Sir Percy, the poet's son, and successor to his grandfather in the baronetcy, was unable to attend the Shelley Centenary at Horsham. Lady Shelley's time is spent chiefly at Boscombe Manor; her health is but indifferent, and she lives in much seclusion. Boscombe Manor is charmingly situated amid the woods above Bournemouth, and on one side its grounds stretch to the cliffs, where a delightfully situated summer-house overlooks one of those picturesque "chines" for which that coast is famous. In the house itself are many most interesting relics of the

at the Opéra Comique in 1849. The music revealed strong dramatic expression and a certain degree of originality; and, on the whole, the work was a success. A much more marked advance was, however, perceptible in M. Limnander's "Château de la Barbe-Blanche," brought out at the same house in 1851; and had the libretto only been worthy of the score this opera must, in the opinion of eminent critics, have achieved a lasting triumph. The composer was equally unfortunate in the "book" of his "Maître Chanteur" (founded on quite a different subject to that of Wagner's "Meistersinger"), which came out in 1853. His best opera, "Yvonne," was produced six years later, and it seems strange that a work that aroused such enthusiasm in musicians at the time should not have survived.

## TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.

We are indebted to Mr. S. Kirk, Albert Street, Nottingham, for our views of the Althorp Library; to Mr. Franz Baum, Manchester, for view of the Rylands Library, at present in course of erection; to Messrs. Elliott and Fry, Baker Street, for photographs of presentation gift to Princess May; to Messrs. Stevens and Co., Demerara, for the portrait of Bishop Austin; and to Walery, of Regent Street, for portrait of the Duchess of Devonshire.



## HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

The Queen (says the *World*) is to leave Osborne next week for Balmoral, where the Court will remain until the middle of November. The day of her Majesty's departure from the Isle of Wight depends upon the progress of public business; but it will not be later than Wednesday, Aug. 24, in order that the Queen may not depart from her invariable practice of spending Prince Albert's birthday in seclusion at Balmoral.

State business at Osborne, which means the Queen holding a Council, is always transacted (says the *World*) in the Council Chamber, a very fine room, at the upper end of which hangs Landseer's famous painting of "The Deer Pass," and on the other walls are full-length portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort. The Queen will hold two Councils in connection with the change of Government, the first being attended by some of the outgoing Ministers, and the second by several of their successors. Her Majesty will also have to receive the seals, or keys, or wands of office (as the case may be), which she will hand to the new Ministers when they kiss hands, a ceremony which they perform kneeling in the Audience Room. At the second Council a large number of new Privy Counsellors will, of course, be sworn in, and the Queen will formally "declare" the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland and the Lord President, and will afterwards grant audiences to some of the Ministers, probably Mr. Gladstone, Lord Rosebery, and Lord Spencer.

The Prince of Wales, who had arranged to leave London for Homburg on Saturday, Aug. 13, postponed his visit, it being understood that the Queen desired to confer with his Royal Highness during the time of the formation of the new Cabinet. The very large amount of responsibility which is cast upon the Queen at the time of a change of Government is not generally understood. While Ministers do not exist, her Majesty is the head of all departments, and any questions either of foreign policy or of home government which could not be decided by the permanent officials would be referred to her for final adjudication. This responsibility caused her Majesty to be anxious that the new Ministry should take office immediately, and for this reason Mr. Gladstone was communicated with on Saturday.

The Prince of Wales will find many of the Marlborough House "set" at Homburg, Lady Ailesbury, Lord and Lady Alington, and Mr. Christopher Sykes being of the number. It is expected that the Prince and Princess will remain on the Continent some weeks, the Princess being the guest of her sister, the Duchess of Cumberland, at Gmunden. His Royal Highness will pay a short visit to Gmunden, after his stay at Homburg, and is expected to return to town with the Princess and the Duke of York.

The Duchess of Edinburgh, who left Devonport on Aug. 13, started for Coburg on the following day. The Duke of Edinburgh left London on Aug. 17 for Kissingen, being accompanied by Prince Alfred. It is said that the Duchess is very far from well, and will reside at a Jagdschloss in the Thuringian Forest for some months. The Duke is nominally on leave for six weeks. There is some probability that he may be relieved of his post at Devonport before the end of his vacation.

The Empress Eugénie has been staying at Osborne Cottage, a residence within the royal demesne, which has been placed at her disposal by the Queen.

On Tuesday, Aug. 16, Lady Sophia Castalia Mary Leveson-Gower, the second daughter of the late Earl Granville, was married to Mr. Hugh Morrison, son of Mr. Alfred Morrison, F.R.G.S., at the church of St. Mary Abbott's, Kensington. The ceremony was a very brilliant one, being conducted by the Very Rev. the Dean of Windsor, assisted by the Rev. W. J. Blant, M.A. The bride was given away by her brother, Earl Granville, and Mr. James Archibald Morrison was best man. There were six bridesmaids: Lady Victoria Alberta Leveson-Gower, Miss Katherine Morrison and Miss Dorothy Morrison, Lady Alexandra Godolphin Osborne, Lady Mary Lygon, and Miss Blanche Egerton. The service was fully choral, and at its conclusion Countess Granville gave a reception at Kensington Palace to a large company, among whom were the Duke and Duchess of Leeds, Mr. W. E. Gladstone, Mrs. and Miss Gladstone, Mrs. and Miss Eliot of the Deanery, Windsor, Lady Louisa Egerton, Miss Pamela Wyndham, Mr. Charles Morrison, Mr. and Mrs. Henry West, Mr. Alfred Montgomery, Mr. W. Egerton, the Spanish Ambassador, the Netherlands Minister, Sir Robert and Lady Wright, Mr. Alfred Morrison, Mr. Walter Morrison, Lady Herschell, Earl and Countess Spencer, Lady Hart, Earl and Countess of Normanton, Lady Beatrice Agar, Lady Constance Leslie, Mrs. Campbell of Islay, Countess Granville, Lord Spencer Leveson-Gower, Mr. and Mrs. H. Cubitt, and Colonel and Mrs. Howard Vincent.

On Tuesday, Aug. 16, Archbishop Vaughan received from Monsignor Stonor, Archbishop of Trebizond, the sacred Pallium at the Brompton Oratory. Such a ceremony has not been performed in this country since March 25, 1556, when Cardinal Pole received the same emblem of the supreme authority of the Roman Pontiff. The ceremony at the Oratory on Tuesday was singularly impressive. An enormous congregation, in which the Ambassadors of France and Spain, the Ministers of the United States and the Swiss and Argentine Republics, many of the Catholic nobility, and a large number of Catholic bishops and priests were numbered, assembled in the church of the Oratorians before half-past nine, although the actual ceremony did not begin until twenty minutes past ten o'clock. The Duke of Norfolk, with Lord Edmund Talbot, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justin McCarthy, was conspicuous in the nave of the church, and there were very many representatives of the various religious orders—the Carmelites, Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits, Passionists, Servites, and Christian Brothers. High Mass was sung by the Archbishop of Trebizond, assisted by Father Sebastian Bowden and Father Antrobus, as Deacon and Sub-Deacon. The magnificent choir of the Oratory sang with fine skill and effect; and when Mass was concluded Archbishop Vaughan received the sacred Pallium from the Pope's representative, and subsequently

presented it to the other bishops for veneration. The whole ceremony concluded with the rendering of the "Te Deum," the Rev. Father Gasquet having preached an eloquent sermon from the words, "And he took up the mantle of Elias." Subsequently, Archbishop Vaughan gave a dinner to the Catholic bishops and nobility at the Archbishop's House, and held a public reception of Catholics.

Much amusement has followed the hope expressed by certain correspondents that Mr. Gladstone would not be ill crossing the Solent. It is pointed out that a large vessel like the *Alberta* could not possibly lose a stable equilibrium in the quiet waters between the mainland and the Isle of Wight, and the Premier did not suffer the slightest inconvenience, although the return voyage, on Aug. 16, was made in the smaller vessel, the *Elfin*. It is understood that the Queen anxiously discussed the whole situation with Mr. Gladstone, paying him particular respect and attention. It was at her Majesty's wish that her distinguished guest did not return to town on Monday, the day of his arrival at Osborne House, but remained a guest until Tuesday morning. On Monday night her Majesty gave a dinner party, at which the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Connaught, Prince and Princess Henry of Battenburg, and the Earl of Ducie were present. Dinner was served in the Indian Room.

A very great surprise was evinced by all in town on Aug. 16, when intelligence of the Duke of Devonshire's marriage to Louise, Duchess of Manchester, was received. Last year announcements of this matrimonial engagement were frequent, but the death of the Duke's father caused them to be forgotten. As a matter of fact, no one had the slightest hint that such a ceremony would take place on Tuesday, it being the Duke's wish for the strictest

boats of the *Howe* and the *Conqueror* were engaged with torpedo-boat No. 83 and the *Hearty*, it was claimed by the Red squadron that both the latter craft had been put out of action some hours before, yet on the appearance of the enemy a vigorous fire was opened, and maintained at a range of ten yards. The decision of the umpires being unknown until some days have elapsed, these difficulties have made a true appreciation of the work done almost impossible, and have seriously harassed the officers in their tactical evolutions. So far, it would appear that the advantage was with Admiral St. John and the Blue squadron, which avoided the defenders with much skill, and held its advantage at all points.

The Athenæum Club will reopen on Aug. 22, the members meanwhile enjoying the hospitality of the United Service. The members of the Army will be received as guests by the Naval and Military until Aug. 28, when the club will be free from the invasion of the whitewashers. The Carlton closed immediately the Tory Government resigned, and will be in possession of the whited invaders for some three weeks. The Devonshire Club has had the use of the Reform for some weeks past, but the latter house will be closed from Aug. 21 for a fortnight in the event of the prorogation of Parliament not being delayed. A large number of clubs have shut their doors to the whitewasher, but not to their members, this year, Boodle's, the Guards, the New University, and the Oxford and Cambridge amongst the number.

The window which has been placed in the Church of the Holy Trinity at Windsor as a memorial of the late Duke of Clarence was unveiled by the Prince of Wales on Friday, Aug. 13. The Rev. A. Robins conducted a short service on that occasion; but the ceremony was quite private. The three lights, representing the Raising of Lazarus, the Widow's Son and the Centurion's Daughter, and the Resurrection. The coffin containing the remains of the Duke of Clarence still lies in the marble sarcophagus in the Memorial Chapel within the castle.

The club train to Paris, which was in danger, is likely to be saved. The Northern of France Railway Company is making strenuous exertions to continue the service, and has suggested that one of the larger steamers should be devoted to the train. Since the smaller steamers were used in connection with the club train the number of passengers by it has steadily decreased, and it is felt that a radical reform in the matter of boats alone can stay the abolition of this most luxurious travelling hotel.

The King of the Belgians has been spending some days at Ostend, which is very full. His Majesty has delighted a large number of American visitors by the exceeding simplicity of his habits and amusements. He has been in the open air nearly the whole day, walking on the beach, often unattended, or at the most accompanied by one aide-de-camp. Colonel North remains at Ostend, but the report that he is there to negotiate with the King concerning an enterprise on the Congo is not generally credited.

Very serious information was received at St. Paul de Loanda on Saturday, Aug. 13, concerning the annihilation by the Arabs of a Congo State force at Bena Kamba, a post situated at the confluence of the Lulua with the Kassai River, eighty miles above Stanley Pool. M. Hodister, the leader of the commercial syndicate of the Katanga Company, was beheaded in a most barbarous manner, after being put to the torture for three days, and twenty of the company with him were either murdered or captured. It is alleged that M. Hodister and his people had opened direct trading communication with the natives, so angering the Arabs, who, as "middlemen," have been accustomed to make exorbitant profits. In consequence of this horrible massacre, the Congo Free State at once prepared to concentrate forces at the camp of Basoko. Posts of observation have been established at the confluence of the Lomami with the Congo, and a sufficient force will be established there to combat all Arab aggression.

The refusal of the Amir to give an immediate audience to the Mission which the Indian Administration proposed to send to Afghanistan under the command of Lord Roberts is regarded with grave concern in military circles. It is felt that the indefinite postponement of an appointment is a mere Oriental mode for refusing to receive General Roberts, or to open up the question of the Pamirs. On the other hand, there are those who hold that some danger would attend the Mission at such a season, for the tribes in revolt would be prone to regard it as directly typical of the military power of India. The Amir is engaged in a struggle with the rebellion of the Hazaras, and the difficulty is likely to be prolonged through the winter.—X.

## AT THE GRAVE OF CHARLES LAMB, IN EDMONTON.

Not here, O teeming City, was it meet  
Thy lover, thy most faithful, should repose,  
But where the multitudinous life-tide flows  
Whose ocean-murmur was to him more sweet  
Than melody of birds at morn, or bleat  
Of flocks in Spring-time, there should Earth enclose  
His earth, amid thy thronging joys and woes,  
There, 'neath the music of thy million feet.  
In love of thee this lover knew no peer,  
Thine eastern or thy western fane had made  
Fit habitation for his noble shade.  
Mother of mightier, nurse of none more dear,  
Not here, in rustic exile, O not here,  
Thy Elia like an alien should be laid!

WILLIAM WATSON.



THE DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

Photo by Van der Weyde.

privacy. Christ Church, Down Street, was chosen for the simple service, and the Rev. Herbert Rowsell, son of Canon Rowsell of Westminster, was the officiating minister. The Duke and Duchess left Devonshire House early in the afternoon for Bolton Abbey, it being understood that they would go to the Continent subsequently for some months.

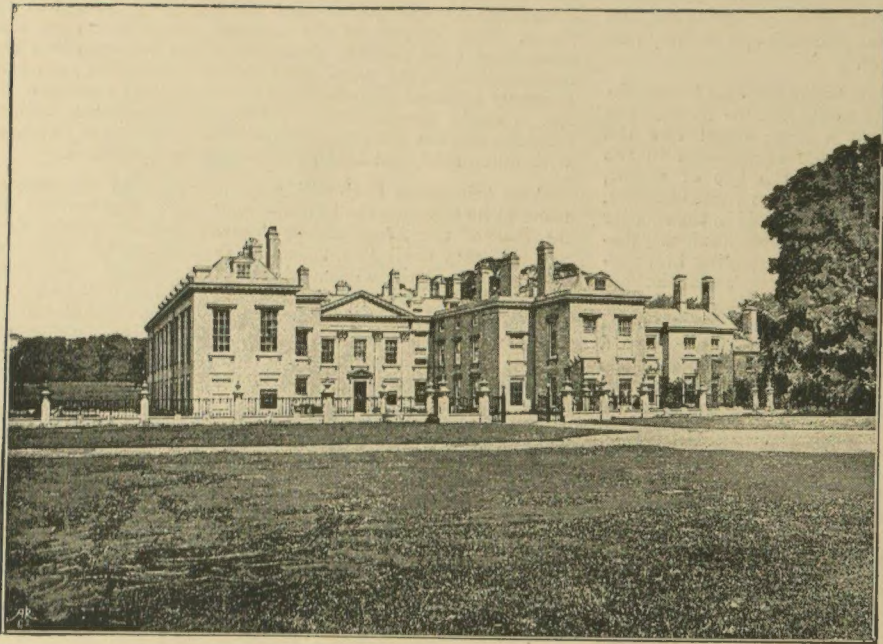
The Earl of Zetland left Dublin on Tuesday, Aug. 16, the streets of the city being lined with troops, and several military bands playing at the more important posts. His Excellency and the Countess, with the household, travelled from Westland Row to Kingstown, their departure being witnessed by many hundreds of spectators.

There was much active work performed both by the ships of the Blue and of the Red squadrons last week, but the results have given little satisfaction. The Red squadron made an attack upon Belfast and captured the city, but the friends of the Blue declare that the mines across Belfast Lough were not destroyed, and that the ships of the enemy could not have lived above them in actual warfare. On Friday, Aug. 12, her Majesty's cruiser *Arethusa* arrived at Queenstown, having passed the cordon outside Belfast Lough, and escaped after a hot pursuit. During the voyage to Queenstown one of the low-pressure cylinders broke, giving much trouble to the engineers of the cruiser. There was also a serious accident to one of the *Arethusa's* torpedo-boats, which was struck by the propeller as it was being towed to Queenstown. The little craft was much damaged by the screw of the larger vessel, having a hole two feet in diameter on the port bow. On the same day the cruiser *Apollo* struck on the rocks at Great Skelligs, and narrowly escaped becoming a complete wreck.

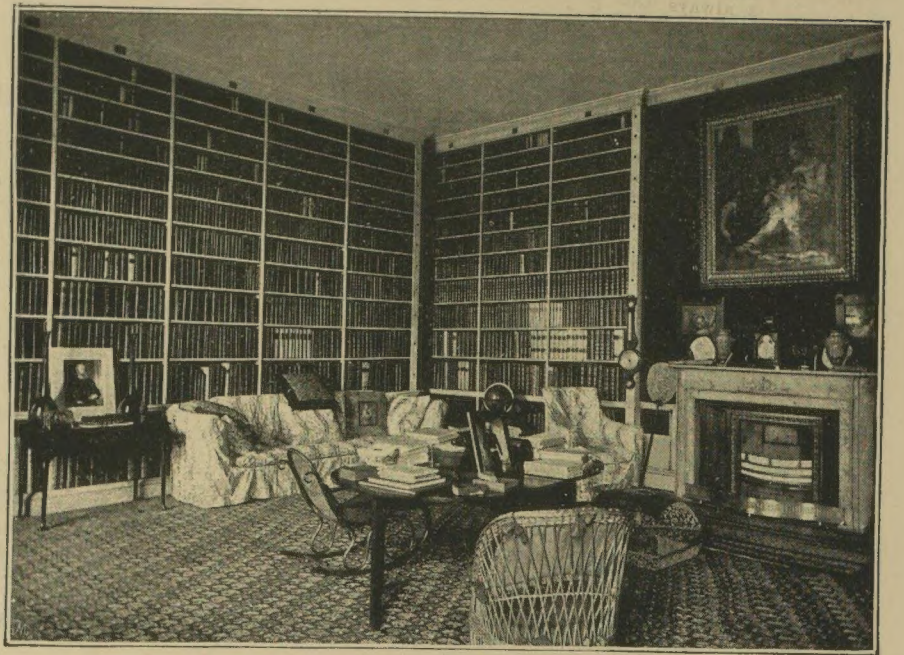
The general criticism passed upon the whole of the manoeuvres is that they are of the smallest service under the conditions now imposed by the Admiralty, and that some of the proceedings of last week were little better than pure farce. Torpedo-boats which had already been sunk or put out of action reappeared with startling rapidity and again fired upon the enemy. In the contest outside Carlingford, in which the



## THE ALTHORP LIBRARY.



ALTHORP HOUSE, NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.



THE OLD BREAKFAST-ROOM.

Manchester would certainly seem to be especially loved of Minerva. Already it had one precious library—that left to the town by the good Humphrey Cheetham long ago—a lovely, dreamful place, a delightful backwater, so to say, from the seventeenth century. How I envied the librarian, I remember! The Cheetham Library possesses, if I mistake not, a Caxton. I remember my thrill at holding it.

prolific in booklovers. I say booklovers, advisedly. I do not mean the mere reader, greedy of information, as one might have expected in a manufacturing town, but men with instincts for the finer pleasures of books. Have we not been just reminded that the great authority on Fuller, the late Mr. J. E. Bailey, was a Manchester man? and at the present time the Manchester Literary Club is one of the best, if not the best, in

even the nation! And the love of a nation is a cold thing. "The love of all," as Mrs. Browning wrote, "is but a small thing to the love of one." The very term *incunabula*, does it not in itself suggest cherishing? *Incunabula*, cradle-books, the beautiful cradles in which the fair young art was so tenderly rocked by its fifteenth-century fathers. Think of the enthusiastic figure



THE DOMENICHINO ROOM.



THE LONG LIBRARY.

At any rate, there is certainly a Wynkyn de Worde. The more one thinks of it, the more one realises the fitness of Mrs. Rylands's generous gift. One may safely say that no English town outside London comes anywhere near to Manchester in its literary, not to speak of its other artistic interests. It has not, I fancy, produced much, if any, actual literary genius, but it has for a long time been singularly

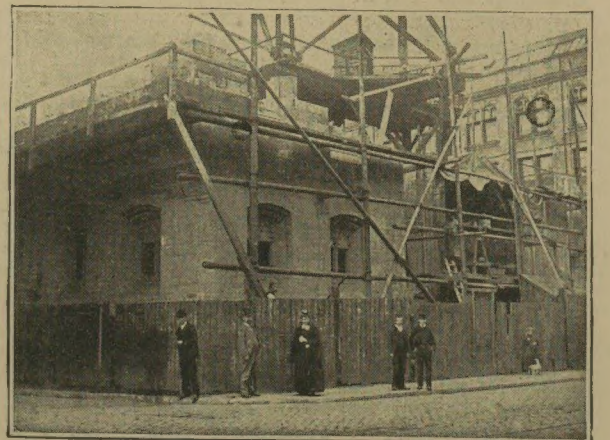
England? It certainly publishes one of the very few readable magazines ever issued by a society. So much for the worthiness of Manchester. No town has a right to begrudge it Mrs. Rylands's splendid gift. As for London, it has more riches of the sort than it makes use of; and that brings one to a point on which, doubtless, I am somewhat heterodox. As everybody knows, the distinction of the Althorp Library—the *Bibliotheca Spenceriana*, so devotedly celebrated by "Bibliomania" Dibdin—is in its early printed books, its *incunabula*, especially its Caxtons—its fifty-seven Caxtons! To these we are to add six hundred Aldines, the Gutenberg Bible, and the two copies of the Mentz Psalter, to name no others. Of such books we have often said in our haste they should belong to the nation, and not be hidden away in private libraries. And yet, when you think of it, how does the nation benefit? The nation may not fondle it, may not sit in a dream over it, certainly may not take it home to go mad over it—"O my midnight darlings, my folios!" If very privileged, some fortunate representative of the nation may be allowed a few gingerly turns of the leaves, but that only in the presence of the librarian. Who could make any show of his affection in presence of the librarian? It would be like kissing your wife in presence of the warders. And what were those great books made for if not to be loved? Nobody thinks of reading them—not

of Earl Spencer, as described by Burton, in his famous auction "skirmish" for two of these very Caxtons! He bought them for £245, and we are told "his lordship put each volume under his coat, and walked home with them in all the flush of victory and consciousness of triumph"—to sit up with them all through the night. How could a man who had just bought two Caxtons be expected to sleep? Alas! those fifty-seven Caxtons and those six hundred Aldines shall have much honour in Manchester, the fame thereof shall be as a fixed star over the city; but may we not imagine that sometimes, after a long day of being stared at through their glass coffins, with no sound but the tread of the patrol policeman breaking the chill hush of "The John Rylands Library," they shall remember them of the midnight lamp, the eager yet so tender hand, the rapt feasting gaze of the old bibliophile—and sigh? Yes! have you never heard a folio sigh?

R. LE G.



THE BILLIARD-ROOM.



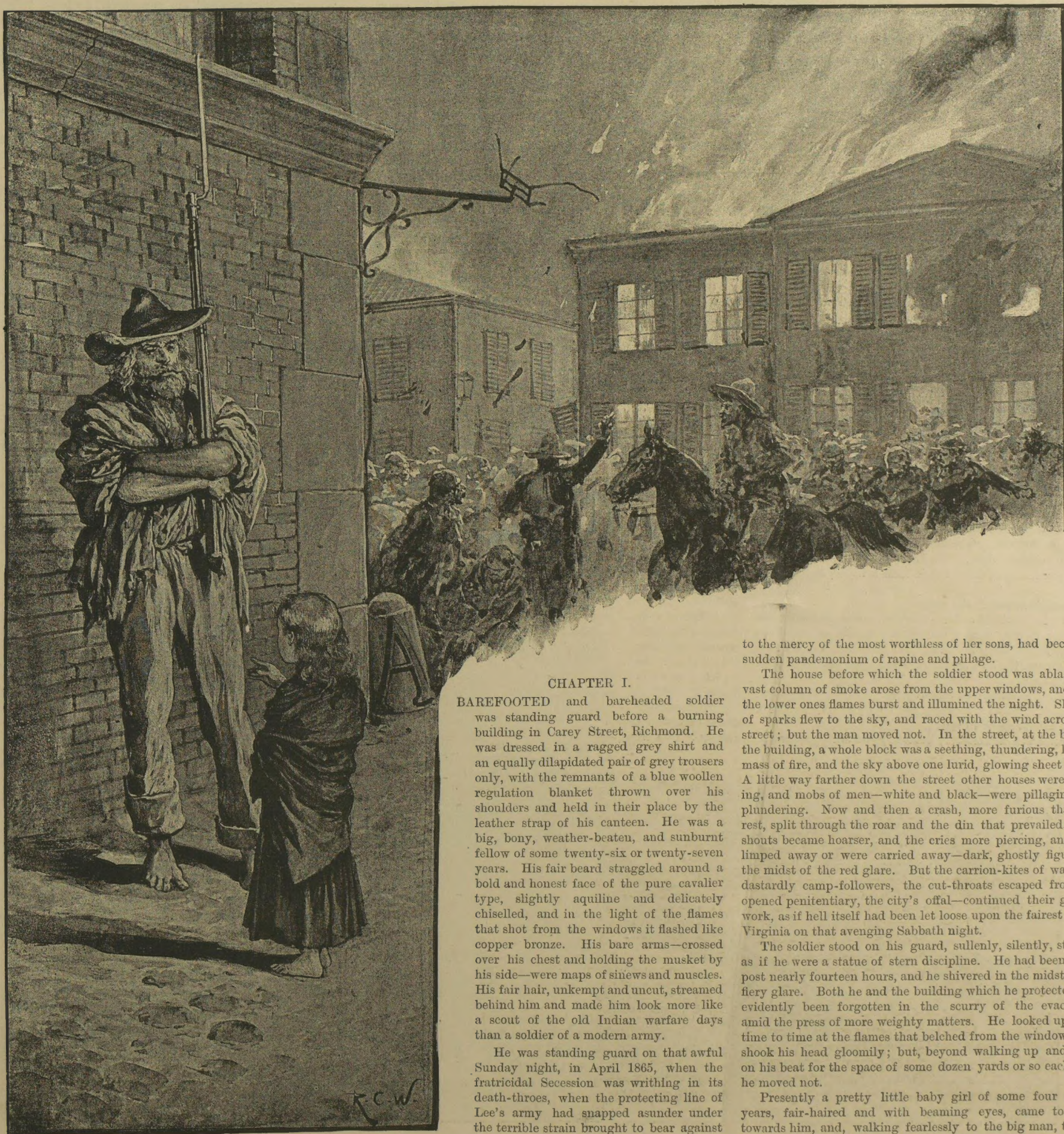
THE JOHN RYLANDS LIBRARY IN PROGRESS, AT DEANSGATE, MANCHESTER.



# NOVINO! A True Incident

## OF THE FALL OF RICHMOND

*Related by Henry Herman.*



### CHAPTER I.

BAREFOOTED and bareheaded soldier was standing guard before a burning building in Carey Street, Richmond. He was dressed in a ragged grey shirt and an equally dilapidated pair of grey trousers only, with the remnants of a blue woollen regulation blanket thrown over his shoulders and held in their place by the leather strap of his canteen. He was a big, bony, weather-beaten, and sunburnt fellow of some twenty-six or twenty-seven years. His fair beard straggled around a bold and honest face of the pure cavalier type, slightly aquiline and delicately chiselled, and in the light of the flames that shot from the windows it flashed like copper bronze. His bare arms—crossed over his chest and holding the musket by his side—were maps of sinews and muscles. His fair hair, unkempt and uncut, streamed behind him and made him look more like a scout of the old Indian warfare days than a soldier of a modern army.

He was standing guard on that awful Sunday night, in April 1865, when the fratricidal Secession was writhing in its death-throes, when the protecting line of Lee's army had snapped asunder under the terrible strain brought to bear against it, when the proud capital of Virginia, humbled and bowed to the dust, and left

to the mercy of the most worthless of her sons, had become a sudden pandemonium of rapine and pillage.

The house before which the soldier stood was ablaze. A vast column of smoke arose from the upper windows, and from the lower ones flames burst and illumined the night. Showers of sparks flew to the sky, and raced with the wind across the street; but the man moved not. In the street, at the back of the building, a whole block was a seething, thundering, hissing mass of fire, and the sky above one lurid, glowing sheet of red. A little way farther down the street other houses were burning, and mobs of men—white and black—were pillaging and plundering. Now and then a crash, more furious than the rest, split through the roar and the din that prevailed. The shouts became hoarser, and the cries more piercing, and men limped away or were carried away—dark, ghostly figures in the midst of the red glare. But the carrion-kites of war—the dastardly camp-followers, the cut-throats escaped from the opened penitentiary, the city's offal—continued their ghastly work, as if hell itself had been let loose upon the fairest city of Virginia on that avenging Sabbath night.

The soldier stood on his guard, sullenly, silently, stonely, as if he were a statue of stern discipline. He had been at his post nearly fourteen hours, and he shivered in the midst of the fiery glare. Both he and the building which he protected had evidently been forgotten in the scurry of the evacuation amid the press of more weighty matters. He looked up from time to time at the flames that belched from the windows, and shook his head gloomily; but, beyond walking up and down on his beat for the space of some dozen yards or so each way, he moved not.

Presently a pretty little baby girl of some four or five years, fair-haired and with beaming eyes, came toddling towards him, and, walking fearlessly to the big man, tugged him by his ragged trousers, and said—

"If you please, Sir, mamma wants you."

"If you please, Sir, mamma wants you."





"My wagon's full, boy," he said, "and I've got a lot of cartridges and caps in it. It wouldn't be safe."

The man turned to her with a curious stupefaction on his handsome face.

"Golly! my dear," he said, "how did you come here? Who are you, and where's your momma?"

The little one pointed to a narrow alley on the opposite side of the road.

"Momma's there," she said, "and she wants you. Momma is ill, and she can't come out."

"Oh, your momma's ill," the soldier rejoined; "and what does she want?"

"I don't know," the child answered smilingly; "but please come and see momma."

The soldier looked about him with nonplussed air.

"If I don't get away from here, this'll come toppling down over my head, I reckon," he said to himself. "That wall won't last a quarter of an hour longer, and I don't see why I should stay here to be covered by a load of red-hot bricks. And so your momma wants to see me," he said, turning to the little one and picking her up and taking her in his arms. "Well, show me your momma, and I'll see what I can do."

The child pointed the way along the dingy alley on the other side of the road, where the shadows thrown by the conflagration loomed black. In front of a low, mean, one-storeyed construction, more a shed than a house, she stopped the man.

"Momma's in here," she said.

The soldier stroked her fair curls with a strange tenderness for so rough-looking a man, and sat her gently on the floor. The latch clicked under his hand, and he found himself in a long dark room, the dull gloom of which even his keen sight could not pierce.

"Will you please come this way, Sir?" said a weak voice, in one corner. "I have no light, but I see you very well, and I shall be able to speak to you."

The voice was a woman's, evidently an ailing woman's,

and the soldier groped his way towards the part of the room whence the voice proceeded.

"This won't do," he said on a sudden. "I'll go and fetch a light somehow or other."

With this he dashed out into the street, where he had no difficulty in procuring a flaming piece of wood that had fallen from the big building. With this smoking brand he returned, and, swinging it into the air until it fairly blazed, he re-entered the room. The place then became a web-work of flying light and fitful gloom, and even the glow of this improvised torch helped little more than to barely distinguish objects here and there. When the soldier approached the farther end of the room he could see a woman dressed in meagre garments lying on an old camp-bed. Such a white, haggard face, pain-stretched, with big, shining eyes set in deep-sunken, dark sockets, with thin, bloodless lips, and a mane of golden hair falling dishevelled about her shoulders. Her hands and arms, ashen white and emaciated to the bone, were held up pleadingly.

"Take that light away, please," the woman cried: "the smoke hurts me—it chokes me; I can speak to you without it!"

The man glanced about him a second silently, and then threw the brand into the street outside.

"I don't know what you may want," he said; "but you can't stay here, that's certain. You'll be burnt alive if you don't get away. Let me take you away!"

"It won't matter much," she retorted, "where I go. If I stay here I may be burnt; if I go away out into the night air I shall die in the street. I'm too ill to be moved. I tried to walk a little while ago, and the wind, when I got near the door, cut me, and nearly stifled me."

"You'll have to make a try," the soldier answered. "It's no use facing that hell of flames. There is a chance, whatever your illness may be, outside, but there's none in this ramshackle place. It's as dry as tinder, and it'll blaze in five minutes when the fire reaches it."

"But it's so bitter cold," the woman whined, "and I want to be left here while I may."

"All right," the man went on calmly, "I'll

leave you as long as I can. And now, what did you want me for?"

"I had nearly forgotten," she breathed hoarsely. "I had nigh forgotten. I wanted someone to take care of Lily, of my poor darling. I wanted someone to take her away—out of danger. I waited all day, and all the evening, and all night for somebody to fetch her, and they have not come; they have left me to die here!"

"I'll take the little one away all right," the man rejoined, "and I'll see you off too, my good lady, if you'll let me. There's no time to be lost," he added, as a red flash shot up against the little broken window that had up to then remained dark, and commenced to shine fiercely into the room, throwing a yellow blotch along the floor. "You aren't very warmly clad, ma'am," he went on, calmly taking his ragged blanket from his shoulders and wrapping it, as best he could, about the woman's trembling form. "You aren't very heavy, either. I can carry the pair of you, and my musket as well, easily enough."

The woman allowed herself to be enveloped unresistingly, and the soldier, taking the little fair curly head by the hand, drew his arm around the woman and led her towards the door. Walking seemed so painful to her and the effort so distressing that, without further ado, he picked her up, as if she were a baby, and carried her out, swinging his musket across his shoulder by the sling, and the child following.

Night was changing to morning when they entered the little alley, and the first glimpses of dawn shone like streaks of silver and pale-blue steel on the eastern horizon edge, with just one or two little streaks of coral lining the cloudlets.

The keen night wind seemed to grip the woman. She turned and twisted and writhed in the soldier's arms, and she coughed as if she were choking.

"Take me back again!" she moaned and gasped. "Take me back again, please! I cannot bear it; it cuts me like a knife. I knew it would. Do, please, take me back!"

She clutched the soldier's arm and dug in her nails, in the desperate, unthinking attempt to return to her former shelter.

The man looked round. By the side of the little house a wooden shed was already ablaze, and yellow tongues licked the roof of the hut where the woman had been staying.

"You can't go back," he said. "Look there! That shanty will be on fire in less than three minutes, and when once



One side of the pavement was ablaze with burning whisky, and greedy fingers ladled the flaming liquid into tin cups and earthen basins, or whatever receptacle was nearest at hand.



it'll catch alight it'll race to glory. Come along! We must make the best we can of it."

As he re-entered Carey Street the flames were belching from the doorway, and every one of the windows of the house he had been guarding.

"It's no use my staying there," he said to himself. "I must try to find the company."

The woman was clinging to him, shivering as in an ague, with her arms thrown tightly across his neck, hanging on as to a raft of safety. Every now and then a paroxysm of coughing shook her to the bone, for the air was smoke-laden, and gusts of cold air alternated with rushes of white heat.

A fierce and sullen mob lined the street. Men with scowling faces and hard-set lips growled and snarled because they were stopped in the work of plunder by the destructive element which robbed them of what they thought their own. One side of the pavement was ablaze with burning whisky, and greedy fingers ladled the flaming liquid into tin cups and earthen basins, or whatever receptacle was nearest to hand, and the boiling fluid was swallowed when barely extinguished. At another place a mob of negroes was fighting over some hogshells of sinouldering tobacco, and, farther on still, the road was impassable through falling beams and tottering walls.

The soldier, with the woman still in his arms, and holding the little girl by one hand, walked slowly on.

The semblance of a uniform which he wore, the musket slung across his shoulder, and, above all, his determined aspect,

"I'm so cold, and I'm hungry," she said. "I want something to eat."

"All right, my dear," the man answered, trying to soothe her with tender assiduity. "We'll try and find you something. I haven't had anything myself for sixteen hours; but you sha'n't go hungry long."

At one of the big hotels the hallway was wide open, and some six or seven men stood there on guard, revolver in hand.

The soldier stopped and addressed one of them, a tall, elderly man, with a hard face and a white tuft of a beard at his chin.

"This lady's very ill, stranger," he said. "I wish you would take her in and give her a shake-down until she turns round."

The man looked the soldier up and down, from his unkempt hair to his bare feet.

"We ain't got no rooms," he replied.

"That's a lie, as sure as the Bible's a holy book!" retorted the soldier. "You've plenty of rooms, and you've got nobody in them, that's more."

"Maybe we have," the man answered, "and maybe we haven't. That ain't none of your business. We've got no rooms for such as you."

The soldier made an irate movement, and his handsome face darkened. He tried to clutch his musket, and, in doing so, he felt the weight of the woman in his arms, limp and heavy.

"I'd smash that ugly skunk face of yours into rotten apple-mash if I hadn't this lady to take care of!" he said quietly. "And if you sarce me again, I'll make a hole through you now!"

The hotel attendant looked about him and saw the five or six men at his back. He raised his revolver and said—

"Get, or I'll draw on you!"

For all reply, the soldier allowed the woman to slide from his arms, and caught hold of his musket. At that determined motion, accompanied by those flashing eyes, the men within the hall, armed as they were, retreated a step, and the tall man's face turned white. There was no mistaking the soldier who stood before them. He was a war-beaten veteran who would be as good as his word, and whom it was perhaps better to leave alone.

The soldier gave a pitiful look at the poor woman, then raised her again and took her in his arms.

"That derved carcass of yours isn't worth dirtying my bayonet on," he said, "nor giving one moment's pain to this lady! I'll come across you again one of these days, and then I'll teach you to be more charitable and more civil."

On again, and now towards Capitol Square, where the buildings on two sides were already fiercely ablaze, and the third side was fast kindling. Here the wind drove the flames towards the greensward, on which groups of people were encamped, old men and children and delicate women, who had escaped from the terrible element, and who were, at any rate, safe from its scorching touch, though the heat was intense.

But what to others brought suffering was likely to relieve the poor woman in the soldier's arms—so he thought, at any rate—for here was warmth, and he laid her down on the sward, wrapping the blanket around her as best he could.

(To be continued.)

## LIFE IN AN OPEN.—II.

BY THE REV. DR. JESSOPP.

Writers of fiction have a great deal to answer for in the pictures they have drawn of English country life. Perhaps they could not help themselves. When a writer sets himself down to compose an idyl he must have one or two *properties*, as the artist calls them, which are absolutely necessary. He must have a big house—an old house, and, if possible, a haunted house; he must have a gamekeeper, a poacher, a miller, and, of course, a miller's daughter; a clergyman, who is almost invariably a vicar, a clergyman's wife, and his splendid son, just going up to the University—which University is invariably Oxford just now. Also, he must have a park and a village green, and glorious old trees under which young people run for shelter when the thunderstorm bursts forth and the lurid flashes and that sort of thing begin to make it rather exciting. Then there positively must be a squire with an air of mystery, or horror, or majesty about him, sometimes a terrific Mephistopheles, infernally malignant, because deplorably out at elbows; sometimes a dreamy philanthropist, whose outbreaks of temper are only the evidence of overflowing goodness, but whose lavish charities prove him, in the end, to be a somewhat mischievous angel in top-boots. Throw over all this a glamour of sentiment inherent in the neighbourhood of a Norman castle, an effigy or two of Crusaders in the

church [N.B.—*I don't know of one such in any church in Norfolk!*], a purling stream which lovely damsels are always slipping into, and graceful youths are always pulling them out of, a stud of horses, and an incomparable pack of foxhounds, and if you can't make anything you please out of all these materials, you must be a poor hand—in fact, you must be what the vulgar call a duffer!

But all these things are to be found in beautiful combination only in a *close* parish, and we—meaning me and mine—we live in an Open.

To begin with, we have not a tree on all our three or four thousand acres that is three hundred years old. We have not had a single grove planted for eighty years; we have not a stream that an athlete could not clear at a bound; we have only one "effigy" in the church, and that is of a wretched little naked baby in alabaster about nine inches long. We have only two houses that were built before the present century, and one of these is in ruins. We have no house at all that has eight bed-rooms; a pheasant is as rare as a peacock, and a fox as rare as a wolf. We have not a lawyer or a doctor, a magistrate or a policeman in the parish; we have not seen such a thing as a gamekeeper since the days when the bison used to splash and bellow in swamps down yonder. Poacher? There's nothing to poach. Miller? There has been no mill near us for ages, and the last miller's daughter—poor girl—broke her heart and drowned herself in the mill-dam (in the next parish) because nobody would come to look at her. There's a clergyman, but he is both rector and vicar—which condition of affairs I will not stop to explain—and as vicar he gets £4 per annum. As for the said clergyman's family, it is a curious fact that, by a merciful dispensation of Providence, no child has ever been born to any rector of our Open in the rectory house from the day it was built, ninety years ago, to the present hour. I've already said that in our Open we have never had a squire—nor a park—nor an august personage with two riding horses.

Nay! This is not all. We have actually no village, no pound, and no shops, not even a grocer's shop, let alone a milliner's! There are about seven hundred of us, all told, in our Open, and we are not a bit more discontented with our lot than other people are, and, bar one—and that one the rector—there is hardly a householder in our Open who is not living well within his income; and a good score of the householders are saving money. I'm afraid the poor publicans are by no manner of means prospering. Their innings is about played out. At festive gatherings lemonade and gingerbeer are the survivals of the flowing bowl of the past. Thank God! say I, that it is so. Now, if some gifted writer of fiction, male or female, wants to make a solid reputation by executing a real *tour de force*, here's a chance for such gifted personage. In our Open we are absolutely wanting in anything that may be called picturesqueness. The word-painter who could make anything out of our surroundings must be the Whistler of literature: he must be great at mist and smudge and vapour, skilfully audacious in obscure suggestions, with a genius for getting along without any externals, and a power of dropping hints without telling anybody anything. Fiction! There's no writing fiction if you lay your scene in our Open. You might just as well try to hang up your hat in the Box tunnel without a peg to hang it on.

How is it we have no trees in our Open? Partly because of the land, partly because of the owners of that land. The land is too good to allow of its being wasted; the people are too thrifty to allow of their growing anything that will not bring in a money return. If our forefathers were silly enough to plant trees, we are not going to be so silly as to let them grow. A tree is a vegetable that can be used for only a single good purpose, and that is to turn into money. If you can't utilise it in that way, what can a man want with it? You may say he can turn it into a gate-post. So he may, and so he does now and then; but foreign timber is cheap and it's always a question, when you've paid for cutting the tree down and dragging it away, and all the rest of it, whether it would not be cheaper to let it stand and die, if that were all. Or you may say you can turn it into fuel. That, too, you can do; but when you have paid for the felling and the sawing and the chopping and the splitting, you will find that you could buy your fuel a great deal cheaper by going to the coal merchant. There's not much to be made out of a small speculation in logs. Then, why cut the trees down at all?

Did I say there was only one good purpose that a tree could serve? I did not say there was only one *bad* purpose. There are half a dozen of them. First and foremost, it *drains* the land; then, it *overshadows* the land; then, it gets in the way of the plough; then, it harbours the birds of the air; then—and I have heard that fatal objection brought forward again and again—"it looks *oogly*." In fact, a tree to the eyes of the tiller of the soil is a standing menace and a standing reproach. If that tiller of the soil be a tenant-farmer, he regards that tree as he did the hares, when there were any hares—to wit, as an interference with his rights, a devourer of his substance, a badge of servitude, a something that takes the bread out of his mouth, and "as didn't ought to be allowed to remain"! If he be owner of that tree, he gets rid of it on the earliest possible opportunity—for money if he can, for something less if he can't. But get rid of it he will, for he vows he will have his land free from all incumbrances, or he'll know the reason why.

Some years ago a friend of mine in a semi-open began to plant a belt of young trees on the edge of his glebe to shelter himself and his house from the north-east wind. Some time before he had been giving a lecture in his school-room upon the spread of Christianity in Europe, and he made a great hit by describing very dramatically the famous cutting down of Thor's oak at Geismar in the eighth century, and thereby impressing the pagans with a sense of his supernatural power: "The huge tree shook, leant over, slowly thundered down," &c. The catastrophe was received by his audience with tumultuous applause. When my friend began upon his plantation he received a call from his nearest neighbour—a plausible and ponderous personage with a voluminous white neckcloth—

"Are you aware, Sir, that you are meditating an unrighteous act in planting they trees? . . . Your trees, as they grow, may keep off the wind from you, Sir, but they will do a great injury to me: they will keep off the sun from my land all the way down your planting, and I'm not a-going to bear it, Sir, without telling you the truth. It's a unneighbourly act, Sir. It's a un-Christian act. It's a act as no clergyman ought to be found out in—specially a clergyman as taught us how Mr. Bunnyfiss preached the gospel by cutting down that there great oak-tree. It ain't a sort of thing as *that* good man 'ud ha' done, anyways!"



"I'd smash that ugly skunk face of yours into rotten apple-mash if I hadn't this lady to take care of!" he said quietly. "And if you sarce me again, I'll make a hole through you now!"

impelled the ruffianly crowd to make way for him. Richmond had fallen low indeed, but the night vultures and hyenas which were disputing among themselves for the lion's heritage did not care to rouse the ire of that solitary, stern defender of the lost cause.

The man drew his arms around the woman's slender form as well as he could, and rubbed her gently, endeavouring to assist her by the warmth of his own body.

"Poor thing!" he muttered to himself. "She's going, I guess, but it's not me that's going to let her die, if I can help it."

Onward through the throng, up towards Main Street, where the crowd was denser, and frightened citizens, with pale and haggard faces and staring eyes, looked upon the work of destruction that was going on.

Half-a-dozen commissariat wagons, manned by soldiers wearing the Confederate grey, were trying to force their way through the seething mass of human beings. The man with the woman in his arms shouted to one of the drivers—

"Stop! I want you to give this lady a lift."

The driver looked at him coldly.

"My wagon's full, boy," he said, "and I've got a lot of cartridges and caps in it. It wouldn't be safe."

At that moment the squad of Confederate cavalry at the head of the small train broke into a trot, and, forcing a way through the crowd, wagons and all dashed away at full speed, scattering the knots of men in their way to the right and left like frightened sheep.

"Not much luck here," the man said to himself, following in the wake of the departing wagons, while the woman's cough was becoming more intermittent, and her fits of trembling slighter and weaker, but her hold even more desperate than before.

The child was sobbing and crying.





THE TROUBLE IN GILGIT: ON THE MARCH.







## TO PARENTS AND GUARDIANS.

BY ANDREW LANG.

"Parents," it has been said by a schoolmaster, "are the curse of education." His meaning is probably not far to seek. The majority of fathers, the vast majority, did not learn much at school beyond the three R's. Greek and Latin and mathematics left them cold. They acquired little or nothing of the classical tongues, and did not advance beyond the *Pons Asinorum*. They conceived a distaste for the ingenuous arts, and they want their boys to learn something else, especially modern languages, wherewith you can encounter foreign railway porters and German clerks. This is natural, but it is also natural that a schoolmaster should prefer to teach the ancient languages, voices of the noblest literatures, and should call this "Education." So he detests the clamorous utilitarian parent and all the Philistines who keep up a pother about teaching modern languages and literature.

It is my desire to prove to the British parent that he really cannot get what he wants, that at the usual English schools his boys never will learn French, and certainly not German. Look at it thus, dear Mr. Bottles, and be wise. Your daughters receive an expensive education. They are not handicapped by Greek and Latin, they are taught French and German by the best masters, also English literature, and, in fact, all that you wish your boys to be taught. Can you lay your hand on your heart and say that your daughters *know* French and German, that they know anything about literature at all? It is a matter of conspicuous certainty that girls know rather less of French than boys know of Latin, a great deal less of German than boys know of Greek; while of literature only the chosen and called remnant, who teach themselves, know anything. As to French, it is not surprising that girls do not pick it up. There is hardly an entertaining French book that they are permitted to read. They have no encouragement to go on. Perhaps they learn to speak enough for purposes of travel, but of French literature, from the Song of Roland to Molière, from Molière to Maupassant, they verily have less than boys have of Virgil, Cicero, and Horace. As to German, I speak as one with a bitter grievance. The few moments which, in soaring boyhood, I assigned to the preparation of my tasks were given to Latin and Greek. We made our German master give us Voss's "Iliad," and used the Greek as a crib. My German education was totally neglected. Now it is my miserable lot to have to pick out the ideas from many German books on various topics—a task like coal-mining. I have a dictionary by way of lamp, and hammer away, slowly excavating notions which, perhaps, are hardly worth the trouble. The learning of German critics, as a rule, is out of all proportion to their powers of estimating evidence and their common-sense. Every young man with his professorship to win takes a classical author and invents a new theory to show that the author's works were written by a variety of other people. The ideas are mainly worthless, but one has to be acquainted with them, otherwise people say you have neglected Keyser, or Kammer, or Kirchhoff. So, in my darkness and distress, I turn for pity and aid to the fair sex. They have not wasted their time over Greek and Latin, they have learned German. They should be able to read German, a modern tongue, as easily as we read Livy or Herodotus. Well, they cannot read German at all. They may manage to spell out a novel, but Keyser, Kammer, and Kirchhoff they can no more read than they can read Lycophron. There are, probably, a few exceptions, but after much search I have only met one lady who can read German as fluently as an educated man can read an easy piece of Plato. Mr. Darwin believed that the Germans themselves could not translate German; he used to try to get a German lady to help him. He to whom the secret of the universe was an open book could not translate the tongue of Kirchhoff and Kammer. Nor could the German lady. It is an awful language, that is certain; but a man who has never learned it at school, and only hammers away at it, can dig more out of it than women who are supposed to acquire a mastery of the Teutonic speech.

Now, for the parent or guardian the moral is this: Your sons do not learn Latin and Greek, or only a very few of them learn Latin and Greek. You, therefore, not unnaturally desiring a return for your money, wish them to be taught modern languages. But why should you suppose that they will learn modern languages any more than they learn ancient tongues at present? Your daughters do not learn them, they are brought to a dead stop by Kirchhoff and company. Why should your sons be more successful? They simply will not learn modern languages at school; the "Modern Side" is, or was, a refuge for stupidity and indolence. If sent abroad, or crammed by a private tutor, with a definite object, an English boy may acquire German. But in a public school I think he will know no more of Goethe than he does of Æschylus. German is a much more difficult language than Greek. If a boy is too idle or stupid to learn Greek, much more will he fail to learn German. Probably he thinks it rather a low and ungentlemanly study; the dullest boy does not hold Greek in contempt, only in aversion. A "line" to what boys will do if emancipated from Latin and Greek may be got through what girls do with German at present. They gain no grip of that repulsive and

barbarous tongue, and there is no reason to hope that boys will be a whit more industrious and successful.

I am not arguing that all boys should have "compulsory Greek" thrust upon them. Why cast pearls before unworthy recipients? Greek is only useful to the very small class of literary people, and most of them now, like Scott, Shakspeare, and St. Augustine, rub along without it. German would really be useful in a utilitarian sense, and for literary and critical and scientific purposes; but boys will no more learn it than they learn Greek—in fact, not so much. For some mysterious boyish reason, it is more easy to compel them to learn some Greek than to apply themselves to German. The British parent, therefore, must not think that he has solved the enigma of education when he has banished Greek and forced in "compulsory German" as a substitute. This is at present the form taken by his artless optimism. He is entirely mistaken; he will be bitterly disappointed. Neither the ancient nor the modern language will his boys, or most of them, acquire at school. But it may be argued that the mental exercise obtained in a struggle with Greek is more valuable than that obtained in a struggle with German. As German is by far the harder task of the two, it is not easy to say why this should be so, but so it seems to be. Perhaps the reason is that the idle boy can be compelled to take more trouble with Greek than with German. Greek has scholastic tradition on its side. There is a good deal in that; but the problem of education, in the sense of carrying away valuable and serviceable knowledge from school, is not to be solved for the majority. Boys or girls, in ancient or in modern topics, it is all one: the mass practically learn nothing but reading, writing, and a very little arithmetic. Occasionally the parent wakes to a sense of his offspring's happy and contented ignorance. Then he gets



MUNSHI HAFIR ABDUL KARIM.

Photo by Elliott and Fry.

angry, and denounces Greek and Latin, and demands French and German. But his sons will no more make these tongues their own than their daughters do. With a definite object—an examination to pass—they will acquire more or less of a subject. Only the small bookish minority, the born scholars, will do more at school, however completely you may reform Greek off the face of the world of school: therefore, leave Greek alone; it does nobody any harm.

## MUNSHI HAFIR ABDUL KARIM.

The Queen, it is well known, has long taken a keen interest in the language and literature of her Indian subjects. Since 1888 her Majesty has been a diligent student of Hindustani, and that study has been conterminous with the employment of Munshi Abdul Karim as secretary to the Queen. The Munshi is a native of Agra, and was born in 1863. Previous to coming to England, he was for several years in the service of the Nawab of Jawara. He has held his present secretarial post since 1888, and is said to have found his position as an instructor of royalty a peculiarly pleasant one, while the Queen is enthusiastic over his merits as a teacher. Few there are who learn Hindustani from pure love of the study, but her Majesty has shown a quite remarkable zest to acquire the language, and is, it need scarcely be said, the only British monarch who has attempted it.

Excavations at Pompeii have brought to light a Roman palace in a good state of preservation. It is entered by an elegant atrium, with columns of tufa stone, surmounted with carved Corinthian capitals. There are many large fragments, and it is possible that the whole atrium may be restored. The peristyle is ornamented with tufa stone columns, covered with stucco, and richly painted to the half of their height.

## PICTURES OF GERMAN LIFE.

BY CHARLES LOWE.

## X.—PROFESSORS.

I have spoken of the German clergy as a body which does not enjoy very much civic prominence, but now I wish to say a few words about a class of men in the Fatherland who, in the scale of social precedence, might almost be said to rank equally with, or at least immediately after, the military caste. And that is the professorial class. Compulsive almost of as much popular respect as the title of "Herr General," and even of "Herr Feldmarschall," is the name of "Herr Professor," the man who has done as much for the fame of the Fatherland in the sphere of philosophy and science as the others for its welfare in the field of arms. As the officers of the army, the disciplinary school for the body, go on from year to year turning out machine-made fighting-men as they manufacture pins at Birmingham, so do the very numerous University professors, those drill-sergeants and uniform-makers of the mind, for ever slave away at the production of that "proletariat of passmen" which the young Emperor referred to as seriously aggravating the dangers of an over-educated time, engrossed with the solution of its social problems.

To the outward eye your typical Herr Professor is a very plain, almost plebeian-looking man, with a big square head adorned with longish hair and spectacles, a rather shambling gait, tobacco-coloured teeth, and trousers very much bagged at the knees. But with this unimposing exterior he is a walking mine of special knowledge on all conceivable subjects from blue-beetles up to Shakspeare and the solar system. In society he is rather awkward and egotistical, and can only warm up to conversation when there is any mention of a matter that enables him to drag in his specialty. His personal manners are not always as perfect as his mastery over his particular subject; but let this only be once referred to, and then you shall hear what he can say. Sometimes ambition prompts him to get elected to Parliament, but there he rarely fails to make an utter fool of himself, as I have seen distinguished historians of Rome and other men occupying a lofty niche in the temple of academic fame frequently doing in the Reichstag. For your German professor has seldom any touch with the practical sides of life, and therefore cuts as poor a figure in the Parliamentary arena as did John Stuart Mill. As a rule, no one is so observant of the "Nesutor" maxim as the Herr Professor, but when once he does transgress this rule the result is painful and humbling in the extreme. Let him, however, stick to his awl, and you are dazzled no less by the copiousness of his details than by his capacity for generalisation. He is not so very much of a stylist, caring less for form than for substance, but what he lacks in point of literary grace he possesses in fullness of matter and fervency of thought.

As enthusiastic as a Crusader, he loves knowledge for its own sake, and is never happier than when among his books, unless, indeed, it be when he is in front of his docile and idolatrous students. He writes about a half of the books with which the Fatherland abounds, but he only writes for his own class, and despises at once the picturesqueness of history and the popularising of science. Catch him condescending to write down to the level of the mob! He is not without a touch of envy of his compeers—*Brodneid*, or "bread-envy," they call it, though it might more properly be called "brain-envy." Yet he is content to do the work of an Aristotle or a Humboldt on very poor pay, part of it being pence and the other part fame. Altogether the Herr Professor is a product as creditable as it is peculiar to his country, where he holds the same social rank as the Brahmins do in India. He is the rationalistic apostle of the new time, and his influence is rapidly supplanting the power of the clergy, whose doctrines he has undermined with his mole-like methods of thought and research. When Lord Dufferin went to explore Iceland, he found himself anticipated by a German professor, who was making a most minute study of the insect life of that semi-Arctic region, and if you wish a supplement to the eulogy of this ubiquitous and omniscient class of men which his lordship so warmly sang in his most charming "Letters from High Latitudes," you will find it in the following quatrain—

Gott weiss viel,  
Doch mehr der Herr Professor;  
Gott weiss alles,  
Doch er—alles besser.

And of this the meaning might be rendered, or, at least, illustrated, by the Oxford epigram—

Look at me, my name is Jowett,  
I am the Master of Balliol College;  
All that can be known, I know it,  
And what I know not is not knowledge.

A daughter of Josef Mayr (the Christus of Oberammergau) writes thus to a correspondent of the *Times* in reference to the rumoured performances at Chicago: "A proposition has recently been made, offering a large sum of money to my father and two or three others, if they would take part in the Passion Play at Chicago. My father immediately refused, and the community paid no attention to the proposal. . . . As you know, our sacred play is given in fulfilment of a vow, and must not be trifled with."



## LITERATURE.

## THE HIGHWAYS AND BYWAYS OF ESSEX.

*Essex Highways, Byways, and Waterways.* Written and Illustrated by C. R. B. Barrett. (Lawrence and Bullen, London.)—Erkenwald, whom they made a saint at Rome, the "devil's advocate" finding nothing against him, founded an abbey at Barking in the year 670, and gave Essex her first fame. The good Bishop had his reward, for he died of old age; and Barking, Chertsey, and London fought for his body, giving the mere flesh an opportunity to perform miracles on the London road, and to find from Stephen a silver shrine in old St. Paul's. Great was the fame of Barking then, and after; she of Scotland, the wife of Henry I., passing the last years of her life by the Firebell Gate, where, too, Maud, the wife of Stephen, betook herself as abbess; and Mary, the sister of à-Becket, and, later, she of Gloucester, when her husband's soul cried loud for prayer. Many nuns had great place in the famous house, whose riches were prodigious until the waters rose and covered the wealth, swamping it with the embankments which the riches had raised. At the Dissolution, Dorothy Barley signed the deed of surrender, dated Nov. 8, 1539, and the Abbey of the Virgin fell to ruins—how, no man seems quite able to tell—leaving but this "Firebell Gate" to make the greatest of all the Benedictine houses in the south. Excellent nuns then spread over the face of the land, and their record stood in "the charge longynge to the office of Cellaress of Barking," and the "half-a-goose" allowed to each on St. Aldburgh's day.

The utter decay of the abbey, while in strong contrast to the state of preservation in which many of the churches of Essex are found, is in sympathy with the decay of Eastbury House, which William Denham built in Mary's reign. Externally, says this chatty notemaker, the place is for the most part in its original condition, the "many-pinnacled gables, clustering ornamental chimneys, and multitude of stone-mullioned windows" being picturesque enough to make the fame of all Essex; but within all of beauty is "gone—fitted away." Time and the hand of the local filcher have done for the fireplaces, carving, panelling, and oak floors. It remains but to discuss Eastbury House with Richard Franklin, the suspected fisherman of Barking, and the transport to Calais of goods and soldiers on behalf of Richard Fuller and of Fawkes; or to watch Charles I. playing bowls at the Hall with one Shute, and remembering his wife and children when he lost.

The city of the Cælian myths is one which no sound writer on Essex can overlook. Mr. Barrett here makes display of his restraint, and the heart of his reader grows light as he finds nothing of the old controversy, "castle-chapel or chapel crypt," "temple of Claudius or no temple of Claudius." Indeed, there is but the bare mention of Dio Cassius and the seat of Cunobelin, of the Colonia, or of the King-God. There is rather a lament that the new Camulodonum has so little of its history writ upon its face, and is so vastly suburban, that its antiquity lurks only in walls and abbey. How came it that the building granted to Eudo Dapifer by William Rufus—the mightiest Norman castle in the kingdom, taken and retaken in the days of John, spared by the Roundhead cannon—fell thus into ruin and decay? Echo answers: Wheely, politely called a speculator, did this thing in the hour of the town's madness; Wheely trafficked in the flat squat tile by which we know the Roman; Wheely cut passages through the walls to get bricks, carted away the relics, and lost money, being broken by a stone, since he could make no profit of his crime. Thus, from the whole Norman garment, we have only the turrets and gates and dungeons as they stand, with the crypt of the castle chapel, wherein lie the controversy, and the "Colchester Sphinx."

In the "Book of Martyrs," which we read in our melancholy humours, we find account of many who suffered in the Castle Bailey. Colchester, with her Protestant traditions—fostered at the end of the sixteenth century by the coming of those who introduced the "bay and say"—suffered because of her faith in Mary and in Geneva. She had helped the Queen with loyal heart and hand during the "nine days," and Mary had visited her in triumph; but Bonner turned upon her people when all Essex gave up its number to swell the roll of fanaticism. Yet, with all her Protestantism, no town in the east has finer relics of churches or abbeys to show than has Colchester. Search the stones of the old Priory of St. Botolph, and depict the grandeur of the nave that was! Rough were the tiles, and rudey shaped after Roman plan, but finer effect of interlacing circular arches is rare to see in Norman work. Pass through the priory, where the hideous anachronism of modern "monument" disturbs the conjured

restoration, yet is the mind busy in reclothing this Augustinian home, which Ernulph dedicated to St. Botolph, a triumph of patience and of faith, when the master-mason built to the glory of God, and for a wage of ten shillings the week, our money. Well, it stands in some preservation; and hard by, in the parish of St. Giles, is the gateway of St. John's, which Eudo de Rie built upon the site of the hermitage of Siric; and the Church of Holy Trinity, with a western door upon which the stamp of the Roman tile is imprinted; and the Church of St. Martin, where the devout worshipper prays to be delivered from restoration and from mural painting. All these make Colchester as her ecclesiastical history is written, and the record is worth the telling, though many books wherein it is writ be upon our shelves.

If this book fulfils many purposes, being neither too narrowly



THE FIREBELL GATE, BARKING.

descriptive nor too pretentious in history, there is one purpose which should give it claim beyond the others. The many among us know the county of Essex only in the salt marshes of "Mehalah," or in cheap and wholesome biographies of Sydney Smith. That the land abounds in the picturesque of river and of ruin, that there are byways where the later-day traditions of Barking Creek and its odours do not penetrate, are facts hidden from us. We order yachts on the Colne, and we have known men who have been to Essex, and have lived—but that many an old historical mansion, many an old abbey, lies away on the higher land, we do not know. Being no readers



THE BLACKWATER, FROM THE BRIDGE.

of guide-books, we must be grateful to one who with pen and pencil can record a new reputation for the county of Tasser and Ray and Isaac Taylor. This Mr. Barrett has done admirably in a volume which is a model of elegance, which is superbly illustrated, and which never degenerates into the tedious or the commonplace. Such a volume should earn the gratitude of many, as undoubtedly it will, and should appeal to the taste alike of the archaeologist and of the wandering sportsman who may be led by its perusal to turn his river-craft towards the beauty of the Blackwater and the teal that are to be found thereon.

M. F.

## LITERARY GOSSIP.

I see it stated that Mr. Andrew Lang has been saying somewhere recently that Sir Walter Scott is "the best-beloved author who ever lived." No one will probably question the truth of the dictum, except on the general ground that there never was a "best-beloved author," any more than a "most beautiful woman," or a "finest view." Scott is in the first flight, and so are Goldsmith and Cowper, and the short list would be incomplete without, as it would not be completed by, the name of Charles Lamb. But certainly for these four all their readers have conceived a personal affection, which is the mingled effect of their lives and their writings and the harmony existing between the two.

I have had the good fortune to see the volume in which Coleridge, when within two months of his end, wrote that touching inscription: "Charles and Mary Lamb, dear to my heart—yea, as it were, my heart. S. T. C. æt 63, 1834," adding below the calculation, "1797-1834, 37 years." It is in the first volume of the 1834 edition of Coleridge's Poems—which was really edited by his nephew, Henry Nelson Coleridge—the complete printing of which the poet did not live to see. The words are neatly written on the margin over against the few introductory lines to "This Lime-tree Bower my Prison." "In the June of 1797, some long-expected Friends paid a visit to the author's cottage," &c.—the Lambs' names not being given in the print.

To the affection with which Lamb inspired his friends, and many even of his mere acquaintance, there is a cloud of witnesses, but it is pleasant to heap testimony on testimony. One Sunday afternoon I was talking with Browning about Lamb, of whom and of whose writings he was an enthusiastic admirer. We were in Mrs. Procter's drawing-room, and Browning told me that once, when Procter was nearing the end of his long pilgrimage, they were discussing old times and old friends. "Now, tell me," asked the younger poet of the elder, "of all the hundreds of men you have known, on whom do you look back as the most lovable?" Without a moment's hesitation, and with a voice full of emotion, Procter replied: "Charles Lamb." While Browning was telling me this, Mrs. Procter was engaged with another visitor, but she was not far off, and had overheard. In her quick, alert way, the old lady turned round to us with, "And so say I!" Browning then quoted Wordsworth's—

To the dear memory of a frail good man  
This stone is sacred . . .  
O, he was good, if e'er a good man lived!

and was pleased to learn that Wordsworth had altered the first line to—

To a good man of most dear memory.

He had retained his first impression, taken from the little privately printed sheet which Wordsworth distributed among his friends in 1835—

Non ego quem vocas  
Dilecte, Mecenas, obibo.

Talfourd's "Memorials" of Lamb has been, as regards its editors, one of the least fortunate of books, and it is to be hoped that Canon Ainger may yet take it in hand. Edited as he knows how to edit, the "Memorials" would become a graceful memorial of Lamb's friend and biographer, and a grateful setting for Canon Ainger's own six volumes of Lamb's "Works" and "Letters." Talfourd's account of Coleridge's deathbed inscription, mentioned above, is curiously inaccurate, and, although the inaccuracy is of no importance, it is interesting as characteristic of his loose way of writing: "His [Coleridge's] love for Charles and Mary Lamb continued to the last one of the strongest of his human affections—of which, by the kindness of a friend, I possess an affecting memorial under his hand, written in the margin of a volume of his 'Sibylline Leaves,' which—after his lifelong habit—he has enriched by marginal annotations."

He must have had the book by his side when he wrote, for he copies the inscription quite accurately, yet he misdescribes it by the title of a single volume of poems published in 1817. What misled Talfourd's pen, doubtless, was the fact that the poem—"This Lime-tree Bower my Prison"—was placed by Coleridge in a division called "Sibylline Leaves," but which was by no means uniform with the volume of 1817.

Coleridge himself is inaccurate, for he calls himself "æt 63," whereas, at the time of writing (April 1834), his age was just sixty-one years and six months. But this was a life-long delusion of his. Writing to a friend on Oct. 25, 1815, he says that he was forty-four on the 20th inst., the fact being that he was forty-three on the 21st, "about eleven o'clock in the forenoon," as the paternal registrar meticulously entered the birth of his thirteenth baby on Oct. 21, 1772. On another occasion Coleridge dated a letter Oct. 20, 1821, and said in a postscript to it, "My birthday, 51; or, as all my collegiates and Mrs. Coleridge swear, 50"; the fact being that he was then neither 50 nor 51, but 49.

There was a very picturesque article upon "Meredith-land" in the *Globe* the other day. As the writer points out, this pleasantest spot in Surrey is not redolent of Mr. Meredith as the neighbourhood of Dorchester is redolent of Mr. Hardy. The human life of the one writer has rarely a local habitation, as with the other, unless, indeed, it be London and certain Continental cities.

According to the New York *Critic* there are two Englishmen who vie with one another in "the gentle art of self-advertisement"—Mr. Mackenzie Bell, the poet or poetaster, and Mr. Bruce Joy, the sculptor.

K.





*"The throng at the bar parted, and Mr. Gladstone walked through, coming from the division lobby. Instantly the Opposition sprang to their feet, loudly cheering and waving hats, Mr. Gladstone passing rapidly along the upstanding ranks."*

THE "NO CONFIDENCE" VOTE IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS: AFTER THE DIVISION.



## THE CHOIR OF ST. JAMES'S, MARYLEBONE.

BY THE REV. H. R. HAWES.

Clergymen in town and country are periodically exercised on the subject of church choirs. How to utilise rough village material in agricultural parishes; how to catch boys and pay men in towns; how to work with volunteers alone; still graver question, how to combine professionals and volunteers judiciously? These are recurrent problems, and, like the poor, we have them always with us. I may say that for twenty-five years in London I have "wrestled" with the "Music and Morals" of choirs, male and female, and it would be indeed strange if I had not come to some very definite conclusions. I willingly place my experience at the disposal of my suffering fellow-clergy, and I shall be much surprised if the plan of a male and female surpliced choir, which I have at last found to be the solution of all my choir difficulties, is not found to commend itself to those who are in some one of the many trying choir-convulsion stages through which I have passed since I have been incumbent of St. James's, Marylebone.

Voluntary choirs last for a time. Then men die, or marry, or tire. Rehearsals flag, and the inevitable professional element creeps in. New difficulties. The professionals are apt to resent any prominence given to amateurs, however capable; whereupon amateur sulks, and absents himself from practice, but turns up on Sunday. New difficulties. Organist objects to the service being marred by the exertions of those who have shirked the practice. Amateur stays away altogether. More professionals are got in, and so gradually the amateur element disappears and the expenses are soon doubled and trebled. Organist and choir begin now to treat everything as their own little close preserve. It becomes every-one's interest to increase expenditure; the services are invaded by a secular tone; the incumbent feels himself an intruder in his own vestry, less and less deference is paid to his wishes; the anthems are exploited for the personal display of the solo singers, who don't even pretend to say their prayers; the hymns are galloped over as objection-

able incidents, in which the people are hurried out of breath; the choir lolls through the prayers, draws the responses, and sleeps, sometimes snores, through the sermon. The chronic affliction (happily with noteworthy exceptions) of choir-boys—especially when there is no church school to draw them from—I need only just glance at: they are known unto all men. The dirty nails, the "messy" ways, the interminable sweet-sucking and dog's-eating of Psalters, the sniggering and whispering and stretching and kicking and fidgeting and sleeping, the ruin of hassocks, surplices, and choir-stalls, the endless labour of training; the expense of innumerable understudies and "boys coming on," the disappointment of finding them bribed away by cathedrals directly they become conspicuously good, and the cracking of their voices about the time they are fit to sing solos—these and other less obvious, but not less real, drawbacks I will not dwell upon. In our case the time came. It was a small *coup d'état*. The whole choir left, and the next Sunday, a few weeks ago, a new choir, male and female, all attired in cassocks and surplices, the ladies being only distinguished by college caps, marched in due procession with the clergy into the choir-stalls. Of course, I had carefully armed myself with a precedent. I had conferred with the Bishop of Manchester, Dr. Moorhouse (late Bishop of Melbourne), and I had ascertained from him that an exactly similar choir enjoyed great favour at the Melbourne Cathedral, and I believe one church in Birmingham has adopted the Melbourne "use." There had never been seen such a thing in any London Episcopal church, but I venture to prophesy that, as every device which I have attempted, and which has been duly denounced at the time, has since been adopted by

other churches, so this last innovation in church choirs will, before long, become very common and very popular. Once the ice broken and the initiative taken, the advantages are too obvious and convincing to escape general attention and imitation.

The constitution of my mixed choir is simple; its foundation is a double professional quartet—one solo and one general quartet. The gentlemen wear surplices and cassocks; the ladies wear exactly the same, with the addition—out of deference to the Apostle's warning that a woman must not be uncovered in church—of the ordinary tasselled college cap.

I find already a brisk demand for admission into my new choir from volunteers who, for diverse reasons, are anxious to sing gratis, and thus the choir is getting filled out. The reasons why I think that the mixed surpliced choir will be adopted in many churches are the following six: (1) Because of the economy. My present choir costs about half what my late choir cost. (2) Because of efficiency. We have never had such efficient singing and such a perfect ensemble. (3) Because the reverence and scrupulous propriety of conduct of the ladies and gentlemen who are admitted—and I exercise extreme care and discretion in the selection of the choir, all being imbued with a right spirit and acting under an earnest sense of personal responsibility—present to the congregation what is, alas! not common in choirs, an example of reverence and devotion—no fidgeting, no inattention, no by-play—may I add, no slumber? (4) Because such a choir is a vast labour-saving apparatus. The practices are half the length and half the



THE REV. H. R. HAWES AND HIS "MIXED" CHOIR.

Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street.

number—all the singers being picked musicians. Rehearsals are conducted generally once a week, only in the daylight—hence there is no consumption of gas. Hardly any individual training is needed, the *sine qua non* of admission being that *all must be good music-readers*. (5) Because a new and remunerative sphere for female labour is thus opened up throughout the country, exactly suited to that enormous middle class of unemployed girls who have cultivated, often, musical tastes and nothing much to do, yet sometimes only half enough to live on. Here a new source of annuity of from £10 to £25 and upwards is thrown open to competition in every town throughout the kingdom. I cannot believe that the clergy as a class, and the unemployed women as a class, will long remain blind to the common and mutual advantages to be derived from co-operation in such mixed choirs. (6) And lastly, they will be popular with women, because the functions of what has been termed the "Angelic Choir" are appropriate and the costume is highly becoming. The Salvation bonnet may have its rotaries, and the Sister of Mercy's penitential costume may be thought poetic, mediæval, and generally chastening, but for grace and seemliness commend me to the flowing lines and dignity of the simple surplice and scholastic cap of the "Angelic Choir." The Princess of Wales would never have been photographed in this costume had it not been becoming; and to say that is to say that there is not a young lady in England who would not be ready to adopt it, and there ought not to be a congregation unwilling to accept and even to welcome it. In ten years time, if I am still alive, I shall beg leave to call attention in these columns to the number of mixed surpliced choirs in England, and to refer the readers of the *Illustrated London News* to this article.

## ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

The *New World*, the religious quarterly just commenced in America, promises as well as any magazine of the New World. It is well put together; the contributors are, generally speaking, competent writers, and the reviews are of considerable though unequal value. The most interesting paper, so far, is certainly that by Mrs. Humphry Ward, in which she deals with the religious education of the future. She is of opinion that, above all books, we need "an English Life of Christ which shall enrich, not the literature of popular edification, but the literature of a true and responsible knowledge."

Mrs. Ward thinks that in the education of the poor the Bible may as well be put aside for a time altogether. She would dispense as much as possible with all books, and trust to "a certain spiritual and imaginative brain" in the teacher. A curious point in her article is her attempt to show what Jesus might have spoken. She constructs one passage from various texts eked out by phrases of her own, and announces that "such would be natural words of religious passion."

The records as they stand, she thinks, have little to do with history. "It is hardly possible that all the Seven Words from the Cross can be historical; probably very few of them are." So with the discourses of St. John: "The last words of Jesus to the disciples—His prayer before He leaves them—have in one sense little to do with history; but in another they are revealing, as they show the conception of Jesus entertained by those who came near Him." Mrs. Ward gives explanations of how children may become little "higher critics" even from the cradle.

Dr. Bennett, of Worthing, complains that the extreme High Church clergy have not obeyed the Lincoln judgment. In one cathedral, where the celebrant was a member of the chapter, water was mixed with the wine during the service; the sign of the Cross was made several times; the chalice and paten were elevated above the head of the officiating clergyman. All these things are condemned in the judgment.

Writing of the present position of the Church in Wales, Archdeacon Farrar says: "Churches are not disestablished in a day when they have lasted for a thousand years. The question is full of difficulty, and it very nearly affects the Church of England also. . . . Whatever may lie before us, we must be strong and of a good courage. A Church may be perplexed and troubled, but it cannot be deeply or spiritually injured while it is strenuously and faithfully doing its duty."

It is estimated by Mr. Alfred Illingworth, a leading Dissenter, that one out of twenty Church clergymen now vote Liberal, and that the proportion was formerly one in a hundred. I greatly doubt the accuracy of both statements.

The indefatigable Canon Cheyne has a new volume

on hand, which will probably attract as much attention as his work on the Psalms. It will deal with the Book of Genesis, and his object will be to show the "permanent religious significance" as well as the genesis of the stories it contains.

Dr. John Clifford—perhaps the leading minister among the Baptists—proposes union with the Congregationalists, baptism by immersion being left an open question, and the "dedication of infant children to God as a sign of 'domestic consecration' and of sonship to the Eternal Father" being practised by all. This is a great concession, but it is questionable whether Dr. Clifford would have a large following from his own ranks.

It is stated that the history of Christendom records only six instances in which a bishop has completed the jubilee year of his tenure of office. This has, however, been attained by the Most Reverend William Piercy Austin, Bishop of Guiana and Metropolitan of the West Indies. He was born in 1807. Educated at Oxford, he rowed in the Exeter eight and took an active interest in promoting the first inter-University boat-race. He was himself to have rowed in a race appointed to take place in 1823, but the arrangements fell through, and the first race was rowed in 1829, the eights including two future bishops—Selwyn and Wordsworth. In 1831 commenced Mr. Austin's ecclesiastical connection with the West Indies. He was ordained deacon in the Cathedral of St. Michael, Barbados, and appointed to the curacy of St. George, in George Town, British Guiana. In 1836 he was appointed rural dean; in 1837 ecclesiastical commissary for Guiana; and in 1838 arch-deacon. In 1842 he was nominated to be the first bishop of the diocese of Guiana.

A memoir of the late Principal Cairns, of Edinburgh, has been undertaken by his brother, Mr. William Cairns, and Dr. A. R. Macewan, of Glasgow. Mr. William Cairns, who is an accomplished man, prepared the general index of the "Encyclopædia Britannica."





# BERLIN

## T<sup>O</sup> BUDA-PEST ON A BICYCLE.

BY ELIZABETH ROBINS PENNELL.  
XI.

The next morning there was a good deal about St. Gilgen to remind us of the Scottish Highlands—the grey and drear and rain-driven lake our windows overlooked; the pleasure parties starting out in macintoshes and under umbrellas; the young men on make-believe walking tours and the young women ready to flirt with them; the people from town masquerading in the dress of the country—not kilts and Tam-o'-Shanters, but no less theatrical Tyrolean knee-breeches, short jackets, and feathered soft hats, all striped and bound and braided with green; and the amiable landlord, with advice and fine-weather forecasts and a hearty handshake for everyone, except the preposterously rude Herr Graf, who, with his liveried servants, tried to monopolise the hotel, and for whom, therefore, were obsequious bows.

Scotch-like, too, was our own start in a fine Scotch mist, and our ride, skirting the lake in alternate sunshine and shower; but not the roadside shrines, the tablets and pictures commemorating miraculous escapes of lone wayfarers; not the pretty old mill worked by horses driven round and round by a boy in a curious swinging seat; not the many benches for the convenience of tourists whose mountaineering enterprise ceased with their dress. At Ströbl a dismal party with umbrellas raised were sitting on the deck of a little steam-boat at the pier, bound for the excursion up the lake, though rain poured and clouds blotted out the near mountain sides. Just so have I seen tourists set out for a day's excursion in Mull and Skye. There are Scotchmen who have never forgiven us because we once ventured to say that it rains sometimes in the Highlands; Austrians themselves admit that it never does anything else in the Salzkammergut.

We dined off over a good breakfast in a tiny inn, the Pole having taboored the hotel at Ströbl, which, he said, was bad and dear; we got wet again in time to ride, dripping and sloshing, into Ischl. No wonder that the royal horses took fright and almost ran off and spilled the Empress of Austria; no wonder that we made a sensation in the café where we drank coffee. I was relieved afterwards, when everyone—waiters and loungers alike—came out into the street to see us mount, that I did not show them how much easier it was to land in the mud than in the saddle.

We had gone about ten kilometres from Ischl when I heard behind me a crash and a thud; I turned, and there were the Pole and his machine clinging to each other in the mud. "Tis nothing!" he cried. But he had been so amiable the day before in picking me up when I had taken a gutter by mistake that I got down and went to him. He had broken his pedal-pin. J—, who, as always, was far ahead, missed us, thought something awful had happened to me, and came back full tilt. We held a consultation there in the mud where he had fallen, coachmen and footmen in the passing carriages smiling down upon us in supercilious sympathy. However, there was nothing for him to do but to go to Ischl or hunt up a blacksmith in the last village. We did not say good-bye. With his imperturbable good spirits he declared he would catch a late train and join us at Aussee, where we were to spend the night.

And so J— and I rode on alone between the poplars, and through the little hilly villages, where flat roofs gave way to gables; now and then getting down to walk, or to look nearer at the life-size painted figures in the small chapels opening upon the road—one representing the Saviour carrying His cross, with Turks for executioners. It was only between Ischl and Aussee that we found these very striking groups, so like the more famous statues of the Italian Alps.

It would have been wiser not to linger. It was getting late when we reached Agatha, and the road began to climb, not a hill, but a precipice. We pushed our machines resolutely up for five minutes, then we stopped for breath. J— got his first. "I'm going back to Ischl," he said, "and I'm going to take the train for Vienna. This sort of thing don't pay, and I've had about enough of it." So had I, but a woman with a baby and a man with a pipe volunteered the information that in a very few minutes we would be at the top, and we went on. For a little while the road was at least less precipitous, and a tramp we overtook assured us that in a very few moments more it began to go down. Of course, it did not, and on we pushed and panted, now between dense pine woods. We met a guard with a gun slung across his back: about fifteen minutes still, he told us, we must walk; after that it was all easy going. He was wrong too. But then the last thing to be expected of the average man is that he should know anything about his own country. The road just kept on scaling that precipice, with an occasional little break, or, what we would call at home, a "thank-you-Ma'am." I saw nothing but my machine except when we stood to take breath and to wipe the perspiration from our faces.

Then, once I looked down through a clearing in the wood to a beautiful wide lake below; at other times, on both sides stretched the forest. The farther up we went, the lower fell the sun; we were still climbing when the afterglow deepened into twilight. And now we met no one. For all we knew there might be highwaymen and assassins and all sorts of dangers in the woods here, as the roadside pictures showed there were in the hills near Salzburg. We ought to have stayed with the Pole: he carried a pistol in his bag and a whip on his handle-bar. We had not even a good-sized spanner.

When the road at last began to go down, it was worse than even trying to back-pedal over ruts and mud in the darkness. Presently two men passed, but they were drunk, and wanted to steady themselves by grabbing our machines, and could tell us nothing. I was wretchedly tired, and ready to stop at the first cottage. J— was for pushing on to Aussee; the Pole, he said, would be waiting for us. "And what if he was?" I asked. I think under the cover of night I shed a few tears. J— insisted that it was easier to ride on a bad road in the dark, and begged me to come on. But I knew that it was not, and I walked. How far we had gone I hardly know, when we came to a solitary house directly on the road, with lights in the window. Out of pity for me J— got down, and knocked at the door. It was an inn, and the landlady, before she saw me, told him he could have a room for two people for eighty kreutzers. Had she known it was a poor, weary woman waiting for him outside, probably she would have charged double.

We thought this inn our discovery, it was so primitive and simple, all but the price of ham at supper, which cost us twice as much as our beds. But there was a dining-room with great rafters, and benches and tables of delightful design around the walls; there was a little maid, pattering about in bare feet, to wait on us; there were peasants, who looked as if they had strayed out of an opera chorus, smoking together, in a walled-in balcony, and upstairs there was for us a bedroom on the other side of a large chamber, with huge presses flanking the door; and we were the only guests. But in the morning we found another larger dining-room enclosed in glass, with tariffs and time-tables hanging on the walls, and a visitors' book, with pages of closely written names. It was really a mere appendage to Ischl. Its picturesqueness was all "got up" for the benefit of the tourist.

But the whole country, as we rode on, had this air of being got up, turned into a big show or spectacle, like Tartarin's Alps. It was Saturday, but Aug. 15, the Feast of the Assumption of the Blessed Virgin, and therefore a holiday. As we rode down into Aussee, we met the peasants on their way to church—the men in knee-breeches, short jackets, and soft hats, now braided with gold and embroidered with green, the women in bright skirts (some of silk) and big black handkerchiefs over their heads. In Aussee, where we went to the hotel to find our friend the Pole, who, however, had not as yet appeared, people, in the same costumes that smelt so strongly of the stage, were arranged in approved operative groups in the street and in the hotel dining-room below stairs, where they began their pious celebrations with a bottle of wine, while we drank our second coffee.

And so it was all along the road and in the many villages into which we climbed or coasted. One we reached just in time for Mass, and around the church, which stood on a little hill above the main street, knelt the people, the men on one side, the women on the other. Into a second we wheeled just at the dinner hour, and in the big hall of the inn where we stopped to dine, some old men, in knee-breeches and short jackets with silver buttons, were gathered round a table singing a long grace. Wherever we went there were always the same operative groups. But as the day wore on, instead of living up to their clothes and dancing Tyrolean dances on the green, as we expected, they drank in honour of the Virgin, and from every Gasthaus, with a bunch of grapes hanging in front—for we were now in a wine country—came the familiar sound one hears in a London public-house on a Bank Holiday.

But the funniest part of it all was that the endless tourists were got up too—were also a part of the big spectacle. There were the cyclists, clubs of half a dozen at a time, in their jerseys and tight knee-breeches and little caps—a contrast to the slouchy Germans—and there were the people in brakes and the people on foot, all in grey and green, doing their best



ADMONT.

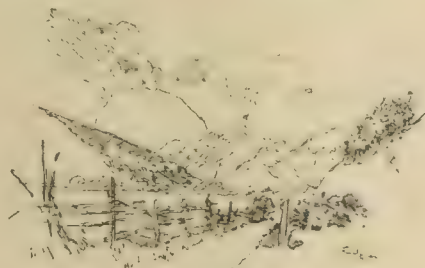
to imitate the peasants. Even the women among them wore the soft Tyrolean hats and bodices. But, whatever their costume, Austrians know how to wear it well; and even here, in the mountains, as later in Vienna, they gave us the impression of a well-dressed nation.

It was in the Ennstal we met them in greatest number, after Admont, with its big cathedral and bishop's palace and our old friends the rococo statues, when the Enns, which had been flowing quietly through pasture land, leaped down between rocks, and the valley narrowed into a gorge, and between green hills the road brought us nearer and nearer to the big, bare mountains we had been watching all day. People were just coming home from their day's expedition, many genuine Austrian Tartarins on foot, greyer and greener and more braided and embroidered than the native guides at their sides; many in brakes that rattled by with great jingling of bells. And in a little hollow at the very foot of the steep, bare mountain sides we came suddenly upon a big hotel with a railroad station opposite, and a parlour car

waiting on a siding. They were such very superior tourists that we kept on, though it was getting late, and though the valley beyond, where it narrowed again, was already dark.

Two or three kilometres farther, we were off our machines and walking. It was now black as night between the mountains. The road was, as it had been all along, atrocious, wandering up and down at abrupt angles, innocent of even a pretence at engineering—no better really than the widened track of primeval man. It was all stones and ruts and mud, except where here and there it had disappeared entirely under the mass of dirt and boulders left by a late wash-out. It was impossible to ride, and we were still "eine gute Stunde," as the last native we met told us, from Hieflau. The rocks rose abruptly to our left, to our right the mountain fell away sheer and steep to the river just below us. Above we could see the fantastic shapes of the peaks, black against the dark blue of the sky. From the rocks came low moanings and whisperings, like ghost voices, and once or twice a dim light went wandering high up on the brow of the precipice. It was uncanny. But what worried me most was the very matter-of-fact and disagreeable chance of meeting holiday-makers on their way home, for by this time every other man in the country was hopelessly drunk.

A good hour? It was fully two before the shriek of a passing train made a friendly sound in the wild, lonely valley, before we crossed the railroad and saw a lamp at the window of the little house at the gate. And another weary kilometre or more we tramped before, green and red in the darkness, burned the lights of Hieflau station, and, as if suspended in mid-air, glowed the fiery smoke of two high factory chimneys, while a pale moon was just beginning to shine on the hilltops. Hieflau itself was as dark and silent as the valley; we had to wait for someone to come by to ask our way to the hotel.



LEITZEN.

It was a blessed relief to wheel the machines into the hall. The landlord met us.

"We want a room," we said, and began to unstrap our knapsacks.

"But I have none," he answered.

"Is there another inn in the town?"

"No."

"What can we do?"

"I can make you a bed in the straw."

This was cheerful. "We had better get something to eat, anyway," J— suggested, and we strapped our knapsacks on again, and went into the dining-room. Then J— was struck with one of his most brilliant ideas. We would have an adventure—the real one of our journey. It was nonsense to try and sleep in the straw. We would spend the night out of doors, as we had been wanting to do for years. We would find a pretty place in the valley—there would be no trouble to find one lonely enough—and we would wrap ourselves up in all the clothes we had with us, and then we would sleep in the coolness of the night and watch the dawn come, and be very romantic, and lay in a stock of rheumatism for years. But first we must eat and drink heartily: that was very important. We ordered a big supper. We had a bottle of good wine and liqueur with our coffee afterwards.

In the meantime more people had been crowding into the dining-room—men in flannel shirts, girls with big white hats, a Jew with a ring in one ear and a feather in his soft felt, boys and children; and the two long tables were full. We had not had the valley to ourselves after all, and it was clear that the landlord had no rooms: at first we thought that it was our appearance he objected to.

Perhaps he had, and perhaps now it was the size of our supper which made him think we were good people to have in the house. When we asked for our bill, up he came, and in a low whisper told us that he found he could manage to give us a room, and to follow him. We looked at each other in despair. But we had enough common-sense to know that it would be simple idiocy to sleep in a rain-drenched valley by the river-side when decent beds were at our disposal. But first we asked the price of the room, hoping that by preposterously overcharging us he might still leave us a reasonable excuse to prefer the rocks. But two gulden, under the circumstances, were moderate. Not quite sure of us yet, he made us pay at once, and then he showed us and our bicycles into a large room on the ground floor. And so ended our adventure!

When we came out in the morning, the young men were brushing the straw off their clothes and filling their pockets with hard-boiled eggs; the Jew was breakfasting on *Kämmel* and black bread. Again we followed that prehistoric track through the Ennstal, the hillsides now less precipitous and more pastoral; again we met peasants in holiday dress, for it was Sunday, and tourists and cyclists; again we passed little villages with groups at the inn door and on the church steps. At Weyr, where we lunched, we left the Enns, but with no great regret, for the farther we went from it the better became the road, so that we wheeled at a good pace into Waidhofen, with its fine old bridge and castle. And now the mountains lowered, and fell farther away on each side, and it was over a long level stretch, between pine woods, that we rode to Amstatten, where we put up for the night in a big new hotel, with its restaurant in the street. A cyclist from Vienna ate his supper with us, and told us he had passed us in Admont the day before, and that I was the first Frau he had ever seen on a bicycle.





1. A Mountain Path.

2. Calling the Faithful to Prayer.

LIFE IN MOROCCO.



## A JOURNEY THROUGH YEMEN.

BY WALTER B. HARRIS, F.R.G.S.

## II.—LAHEJ TO KHOREIBA.

Howta, the capital of Lahej, like most Oriental cities, covers a very considerable area of ground, though the dwellings are not nearly so closely packed together as one often finds in the East. The houses consist for the most part of mud-built rooms, many of two storeys in height, with flat roofs; some of one storey, and thatched with rushes and canes. There is usually a yard in front of each house, enclosed by a mud wall or hedge of dry mimosa bushes or other scrub. Into these yards are driven, at night, the cattle of the inhabitants, besides which they furnish the home of many a yelping cur, usually the mother of a whole pack of puppies. I sauntered in and out and among the queer



ARAB OF YEMEN.

narrow streets; everywhere there was something to interest or something to amuse. The workers in iron attracted, perhaps, most of my attention, for there was something charmingly barbaric about the half-nude Arabs burnishing spear-heads, or working the rough, pliable silver into the sheaths of daggers. Patches of sunlight flitted through the matting roof of this iron bazaar and lit now and again on some piece of polished metal, the flash of which would for the moment almost blind one.

Wending my way onward, I reached a large open space near the great palace of the Sultan of Lahej, in which is held the market. A motley crew of Arabs, men, women, and children, had collected here to buy and sell, or to idle their time away, and a picturesque crowd they were, the men with their flashing spears, the women in dark-blue clothes, and the children usually naked. Here, too, were a great number of camels awaiting their loads and chewing the while the coarse cane of the country and durra-stems. A number of goats

basked in the sand, with a few wretched-looking sheep among them.

Returning to the café where I had put up, I found the camels already loaded; so, mounting once more, we set out, an hour or two before sunset. The road took us for the first part of the way through rich, cultivated land, the whole irrigated by fast-flowing streams. Emerging from these fields, we entered wilder country, skirting the river-bed, torn into deep nullahs by constantly recurring floods; for, although but little rain falls at Lahej, the river drains a large portion of the neighbouring mountains, which commence some fifteen miles north of Howta. Towards these mountains our course lay. We proceeded for a few hours, and then rested for a time in some jungle on the border of the river. It was dawn when we made a start again. For an hour or two nothing broke the monotony of the desert, but away ahead of us we could see the outpost fort of the Sultan of the Haushabi tribe, and still nearer that of the Sultan of Lahej.

I had hoped, in spite of the heat, to make a good march, but the wind rose, cool and refreshing at first, but very soon commencing to whirl along on its course quite a storm of sand and dust, and so thick and unpleasant it became that further travelling was out of the question and I crawled under a rough canvas awning for such protection as so frail a structure as a thorn bush and a piece of canvas flooring would give.

Towards afternoon I pushed on again, with half-an-hour's halt at El Amat, where is the Sultan of Haushabi's fort, and where I delivered a letter of introduction from the British authorities at Aden; however, I would not accept the invitation of the Sheikh to alight, but went ahead. Just before sunset we entered a deep gorge at the foot of Gibel Menif. Here the scenery entirely changed. The path was a mere track along the river-bed, through which, at places, water was running, often, however, sinking for a time below the surface.

We passed several caravans settling in for the night in the gloomy darkness of the gorge, and strange they looked with their groaning camels and sparkling camp-fires. Still we kept on, though in

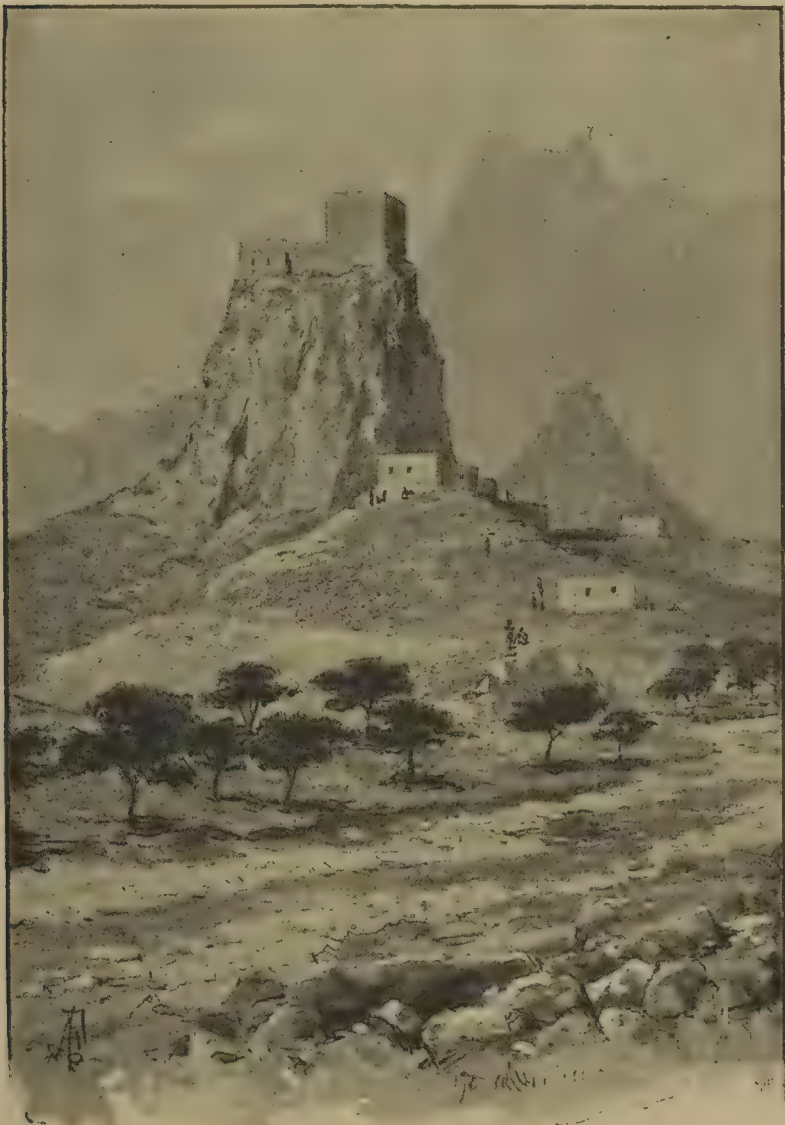
constant peril of a fall, for so dark was the night that neither camels nor riders could see the path before them. At length, falling in with a party of "gemalla," or camel-men, we exchanged "Salaam alikoum," and unloaded our beasts.

We spent nearly the whole of the next day at this spot, "to rest the camels," our men said, but I fancy they had fallen in with friends among the other caravan, and wished for a few hours' gossip. As there were Bedouin shepherds in the neighbourhood, and food was thus procurable, and as a few thorn-trees gave an apology for a little shade, I did not expostulate, but settled in for an idle morning. Not that it was not an amusing one. Many strange sights there were to be seen:



OUTPOST OF THE AMIR OF DHALA.

men who danced and sang—true strolling players—and monkeys, tame little creatures, the pets of the caravan men, who spent most of their time in playing on the camels' backs. I took advantage of our delay to cook some bread, which had to be done in Arab fashion, on a stone made hot in the fire. The result was heavy; it was difficult to say which weighed the most, the bread or the stone. As for butter, I had sent Said to buy a pot of it before we left Aden, forgetting for the



VILLAGE OF AREDOAH.



OUTPOST OF THE AMIR OF BISHI, AT KHOREIBA.



moment the advanced taste of the Arab. It was rancid when we left Aden; by this time, after a few days of desert travelling, one could have run a drag with it; nor was it rendered more tempting by the fact that the Arabs were constantly dipping their fingers into the jar and applying it upon their hair as pomade. However, at this particular spot some wandering Bedouins possessed a few cows, and a little milk was very acceptable.

During the afternoon we made a start, and after five hours' march reached Melh, where we found some Bedouins encamped. The night was pitch dark, but we could see their camp fires.

Being clean-shaven and dressed in riding breeches, I was taken by the ladies of the village for a woman—for in Yemen it is the female sex that wear trousers—the men using only the loin cloth, and a man without a beard was to them an impossibility. This mistake of judgment led to my being demonstratively kissed by one ancient lady, her face all smeared with saffron and rancid butter. She took me for a Turkish woman, an occurrence that caused the greatest amusement to my men and the rest of the Bedouins.

Under some big umbrageous tree we unloaded and rested. It was a charming spot, with the river at our feet flowing

## THE LADIES' COLUMN.

BY MRS. FENWICK-MILLER.

The present extremely plain style of making dresses admirably suits the serge costumes that are traditional by the sea. A straight skirt, a shirt, a belt, and a loose open-fronted coat appear again and again. The blouses or shirts admit of great variety, but the plainest are best for morning wear, at all events. Following the wise precedent which the Princess of Wales set in her avoidance of crape in the early mourning, her Royal Highness is already allowing her daughters to insert lighter touches in their garb. To wear with black serge dresses in the Isle of Wight, the young Princesses have had blouses of white surah with a black check, not prominently visible, but shot, as it were, through the white fabric at intervals; also others of the new material known as "shot serge," in grey, with a tiny gold line through it. This shot serge has fine threads of another colour woven in it, giving at a glance the appearance of shot. It can be had in blue shot with heliotrope, or red or white shot with gold. Another novelty is "embroidered serge," tiny silk spots of some contrasting colour appearing arranged in lines on the wool ground.

The Duchess of Portland and Lady Henry Somerset are announced to read papers at the forthcoming Church Congress at Folkestone on a subject of profound importance—"Intemperance among Women of the Upper and Middle Classes." The subject is highly serious—solemn, indeed—and is one to which Lady H. Somerset has given particular attention. What are the causes of female intemperance? is the most important branch of the inquiry. I fear that it is very often the pain of a woman's life that leads her to this awful means of

temporary relief; she not realising that for the one devil thus for the moment cast forth will soon come seven devils worse than the first. Pain is, indeed, the portion of most of our sex. A foolish person has been entertaining a "Psychological Congress" with the idea that women do not feel pain as much as men. The chief reason that he gives for this belief is the greater average patience of females under operations! Alack! this power of silent endurance is the result, not of insensibility to pain, but of long practice in bearing its ravages silently. Most women find out early in life that if they are not to be nuisances to those around them, eternally complaining, and wearing out all sympathy by incessant demands on it, they must resolve to bear in absolute silence much suffering of body, and too often also much anguish of mind. The earlier the discipline of her pain begins, and the more cruel and constant its infliction, the more thoroughly the woman learns to suffer in silence. Self-repression is one of the first lessons taught to girls. Free movement is controlled in childhood, partly by dress and partly by training; and hence women under the surgeon's knife bear with a comparative patience and silence that give token, not of imperfect sensibility, but of strength of the moral nature.

Perhaps the most interesting immediate point about these Church Congress papers by ladies is the fact that it has drawn from the Bishop of Dover a rebuke to a local clergyman who thought this a favourable occasion to protest against women speaking in public. This gentleman, apparently thinking that the clerical character is maintained on the Congress platform, objected to women speaking there, because St. Paul has said that women must not teach in the Church. He therefore took his name off the Congress committees; but he has since announced that, "acting under the fatherly advice" of his diocesan, he has withdrawn this protest, while maintaining his own private opinion on the subject. It would be interesting if the Bishop would give his reasons for the remonstrance, evidently a very strong one, that he has addressed to his brother on this subject.

St. Paul's words are clear enough. There are only two ways (their inspiration, of course, accepted) of getting round them. One is to maintain that his commands on that score were purely local and temporary—that the bad character of all the women who did teach in ancient Greece (and on each occasion St. Paul's prohibition of women's speaking on religion is in Epistles to Greeks) rendered it necessary for Christian women to then and there be silent, to avoid all suspicion of belonging to the same class; but that this does not apply, and was not meant to apply, to other social states. The second way of meeting the point is the method of the Society of Friends. They maintain that the Holy Spirit still speaks to man's inner nature, and that one who is truly "called" to minister must do so obediently, without regard to aught but that imperative order. They take great pains to "make the calling and election sure," but they dare not refuse it when they are certain that it is given. Hence women have always ministered among the Friends, on an equal footing with men.

The Queen has been pleased to approve the appointment of Lord Francis Hervey as a Civil Service Commissioner, to fill the vacancy caused by the retirement of Sir George Webbe Dasent, D.C.L.

The Lord Mayor has received an intimation from the Colonial Secretary to the effect that the contributions from the Cape Colony towards the relief of the distress in Mauritius, consequent upon the recent hurricane, now amount to £7164. Other colonies have also collected large sums.

We have all heard of the terrors of the detective camera at well-known watering-places in the United States. The camera-fiend has long been the subject of satire in the American comic papers. But the *Pall Mall Budget*, in its current issue, opens up a like horror to English life. Under the head of "Mr. Gladstone's Callers at Carlton Gardens," we are treated to snap-shots at Sir William Harcourt, Mr. Morley, Lord Spencer, Lord Herschell, and others. These, of course, had a right there; but next time it may be that the camera will lay bare the aspirations of less prominent politicians. Place-hunters beware!



VIEW OF LAHAJ.

They informed us, however, on approaching, that they possessed neither water nor food, and so we were obliged to push on again, crossing steep ridges and deep ravines, until, finding a caravan encamped at a spot where there was a little water, we threw in our lot with them, feeling that there was safety in numbers.

At 2 a.m. we left. The night was very cold, and, in preference to riding, I trudged along on foot. At dawn we were still plodding on. The scene had changed: on our left was the great flat-topped mountain of Athoubiyat, on one point of which is the white tomb of Seyd Hassan, a local saint.

Shortly after passing this we emerged into the wide valley of Beled Alajoud, dotted with villages, and boasting a river of running water. Here one feels that one is leaving the Bedouin country and entering a region of fixed abodes, as the houses are built of rough stone, and there are signs of cultivation wherever such is practicable. It was at this spot that we entered into the tribe-lands of the Aloui. A little farther up a halt was called, and I crept willingly into the shade of a few oleander-bushes, for the sun was very powerful. Here I met two Englishmen, the last I was to see for a long time—namely, Captains Domville and Wahab—engaged upon a survey for the Indian Government. Their surprise at meeting a third in such outlandish regions was extreme. I dined with them in their comfortable tents, and could not help comparing their camp, with its guards of soldiers and numbers of servants, to the condition of myself, who, provisionless, without even a tent and with scarcely any luggage, was attempting to push into the heart of Yemen. But I knew well enough that to be successful it was necessary to travel with as little impedimenta as possible, so as not to attract too much attention, or to tempt too far the Arabs to robbery, and also, if necessary, to be able to make a sudden march.

After dinner, about 11 p.m., we started. The moonlight was brilliant, but the cold intense, and I walked until dawn. Once or twice by walking fast I got well ahead of the camels, and would light a fire of twigs and stoop over it to try and thaw a little.

Sunrise found us still on the march, winding slowly along a sandy river-bed, with banks of dense tropical vegetation, and here and there pools of water. There were but few signs of life, and after we had passed a few Bedouins we saw nothing but the apes scurrying up the rocky precipices on our approach.

An amusing scene took place at the camp of the Bedouins.

of the river, was the outpost fort of the Amir of Dhala, a square tower surrounded by some lower stone buildings. Toward evening we started again, and passing many picturesque stone villages entered a deep, rocky gorge, the precipices reaching an altitude of some hundreds of feet on each side of us. The children were driving back the bleating herds and flocks, for it was sunset. In the still air the smoke of the fires in the villages rose in filmy pillars straight into the evening sky, and the scene wore a look of unequalled peace and loveliness.

Toward the upper end of the gorge of Khoreiba, we called to our camels to lie down. A few great evergreen trees afforded protection from the dew. Near us, perched on a pinnacle of rock, was a solitary stone tower of great size, the outpost of the Amir of Bishi, while around the base of the rock below were a few stone houses. The scene was a lovely one, and in the moonlight looked surpassingly grand.

Purchasing from the villages the usual antiquated goat, we set to work and cooked our frugal supper, shared alike by myself and my men straight from the saucepan, which, with a kettle, formed the whole of our kitchen.

Far into the night I sat on my carpet listening to the tales of the Arabs—tales of ghosts and "djinn," the inhabitants of the gloomy Khoreiba gorge in which we were. Ay, and one could almost believe them too, so desolate and grand was the scene!

Countess Tolstoi publishes, in the columns of the *Moscow Gazette*, a short report of the ways and means through which were disbursed the famine funds collected in England and placed in the hands of her husband. The report, says the Odessa correspondent of the *Daily News*, shows that these charitable subscriptions were administered to the very best advantage, and were not, as in so many cases of official administration, divided between the pocket of the *Tchinovnik* and the famishing peasants. Count Tolstoi is at present in the Government of Riasan closing the free kitchens established during the famine, and will shortly publish a detailed report of his philanthropic operations. There remains in the Count's hands a not inconsiderable balance of the funds subscribed in England, and this is held in reserve for the relief of the poor in several Governments where, judging from present conditions, the scarcity will this year be almost as great as it was last season.

A subscription, headed by the Duke of Connaught and the Archbishop of Canterbury, is being raised for the benefit of Mrs. Loder, widow of the composer of the once famous opera "The Night Dancers," and also of "The brave old oak," "Wake from thy grave, Giselle" (one of the most popular melodies in Mr. Lloyd's repertory), "The old house at home," and other favourite songs. Edward Loder, who studied at Frankfurt under Beethoven's pupil, Ferdinand Ries, was for many years conductor at the Princess's, and afterwards at Manchester; but since 1856, when he was attacked by the brain disease which killed him nine years later, Mrs. Loder has maintained herself. This, owing to advancing age and failing eyesight, she is now unable to do. Hence the subscription, to which Sirs A. Sullivan, G. Grove, and C. Hallé, Drs. Joachim, Stanford, and Martin, Messrs. Lloyd, Santley, Ben Davies, Randegger, Cowen, Arditi, Foli, Henschel, and many other well-known musicians have already contributed.



A LITTLE GIRL OF YEMEN.



## SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The cause of the limpet's adherence to its rock, alluded to in this column a few weeks ago, has opened up a very pretty little controversy, out of which I hope some new light may be thrown upon that disputed question. Mr. J. Lawrence Hamilton sends me a courteous letter and encloses an extract giving his views on the matter. He holds that, "while some portion of the adhesive power may, or may not, be due to atmospheric pressure, a very considerable amount, if not the major part, or perhaps all, is probably dependent upon the throwing out of a very tenacious substance"—a kind of strong colloid, or marine glue, in short. Mr. Hamilton also adds his belief that the limpet secretes a substance which enables it to dissolve certain rocks, and thus to form a kind of bed or hollow, wherein we often find the limpet reposing. Discussion is the very life of science, and the present argument teaches us once again the fact, too often overlooked, that our knowledge regarding even the common things about us is much in want of additions and verification. So I am also glad to welcome a letter from Mr. Percy A. Aubin, to whose views I referred in my previous article. This observer, like Mr. Hamilton, does not commit himself to the statement that the limpet's adhesion is due solely to a marine glue. Both of my correspondents, while objecting to my pinning my faith to the vacuum theory, do not, I observe, commit themselves in turn wholly to the glue theory of the limpet's adhesion. Mr. Aubin allows "that atmospheric pressure accounts for about one-third of the limpet's strength, and that the remaining two-thirds are due either to a colloid *per se* or to a colloid and some other cause not yet ascertained."

So it seems, while I am regarded as having been wrong in giving my support to the vacuum theory as a sole cause of the limpet's adhesion, my critics themselves admit that this theory has to be duly taken into account in our considerations. Now, since I penned the remarks about the limpet, I have been making some investigations on the mollusc, in the course of a seaside holiday. I have opened many limpets as they adhered to the rocks by sawing away the shell above. I then removed the viscera entirely, leaving nothing of the animal but the shell-margin and adhering foot. The animal under these circumstances adheres firmly to the rock, this fact limiting our attention to the foot itself. I next with a sharp knife divided the foot by a cross-incision from the inside, and lifted up and detached the flaps made by my incision. What remained of the limpet—that is, the mere margin of the foot and the remainder of the shell—still stuck fast, and could not be dislodged with the fingers. This, pointed, in my opinion, to the idea that the great seat of adhesive power was in the margin of the foot. Now, as this margin can be extended outwards to the very edge of the shell, and as there does exist a definite hollow, or, rather, space, between the shell-edge and the foot, am I in error in thinking that it is the foot-margin which is the real agent in exercising the powers of adhesion by producing a vacuum? It would be no answer to this assertion to say that if (as in another experiment) I remove part of the edge of the shell and foot the rest of the animal remains fixed. For it is possible that, while you thus destroy the vacuum in part, you do not destroy it as a whole, and one (and uninjured) segment of the foot-margin may act perfectly in maintaining the vacuum, while the other segment has been removed.

Mr. Hamilton maintains that he has proved there is no vacuum "beneath the foot," and Mr. Aubin objects to the vacuum theory (as alone explanatory of the adhesion) because of the excessive air-pressure its acceptance implies. My observation may reconcile our differences, if I suggest that it is the foot-margin which is the chief seat of the adhesion; and this idea would accord very well with the fact that in the outer or marginal parts of the animal we should expect the vacuum process to be most readily induced. I noticed another point in my limpet experiments, which certainly tends to favour the view that there is present some colloid, or glue, that, perchance, keeps the greater surface of the foot, as distinguished from the edge, adherent to the rock. If you detach a limpet slowly and cautiously, you will be able to perceive very fine adhesions or threads (I call them so, for want of a better term) of a gluey nature leaving the foot as the animal is removed. I can only compare this appearance to what one sees if, after having stuck a postage-stamp on a letter, you shortly thereafter remove it. The gum parts from the paper with difficulty, and fine adhesions may be seen present as you pull the stamp away. This suggests, in the case of the limpet, the acceptability of the glue theory; so I fancy the variations in opinion between my correspondents and myself may be reconciled, if I suggest that the vacuum is exerted by the edge of the foot, and the glue provided by the foot-surface at large. This glue will be provided by the foot-glands, numerous in all gastropods, and the limpet's glue may be only a concentrated form of the foot-secretion we see in the snail. The whole subject is an interesting one, because observations are not difficult to make, and science will gladly welcome any further information concerning the limpet's adhesive powers.

Dr. A. C. Farquharson, of the Burntwood Asylum, near Lichfield, sends me his work on "Ptomaines and other Animal Alkaloids," in which a very interesting question is discussed—namely, the power these products—produced naturally in our bodies as the result of tissue and other changes—possess in causing certain forms of acute mental disease. In other words, if any such products are allowed to remain or are generated in our bodies as substances unnatural to healthy life, it is believed they may, among other results of their presence, give rise to mental disease. Suppose, for instance, that from the intestine in which the food is in part digested, and in which intricate chemical changes are liable to occur, products of a poisonous nature are absorbed into the blood, it is "by no means a far-fetched supposition that such products, carried to the brain, will cause symptoms of acute mental disorder. This is one of Dr. Farquharson's points, and one, among others, he illustrates with much skill. Thus, mental disease, in such cases, may not exist *per se*, but is a symptom of the body poisoning the brain. The topic is so important that I may return to its consideration at no distant date.

Two books worth perusal by my scientifically inclined readers are Mr. J. Arthur Thomson's "Study of Animal Life" and the Rev. W. Houghton's "Sketches of British Insects." The first of these volumes is an exposition of the general principles of zoology. It is charmingly written, and gives what one may call a bird's-eye view of animal nature, such as cannot fail to instruct lay readers in many of the wonders of the animal constitution. The Rev. Mr. Houghton's book is beautifully illustrated with coloured plates, which will be found useful in enabling people to identify their winged visitors. It is just such a volume as an intelligent boy or girl, interested in living nature, will appreciate to the full.

## CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

**L. DESANGES.**—The variations are defective. If Black play 1. B takes B, 2. Q to B 7th (ch), K takes Kt; 3. Q to B 7th, or Q 8th, mate. If 1. B to Kt 2nd, 2. Q to B 7th, K moves; 3. Q to B 7th, or takes P.

**MARTIN F. (Glasgow).**—Thanks for information. The other matter is still undecided.

**A. WHITAKER (Leicester).**—It is really a difficult question, and at the best but a matter of opinion. In modern play we should name the game won by Pollock against Weiss in the New York Tournament.

**R. C. T. (St. John's Wood).**—We cannot examine problems forwarded anonymously and without author's solution.

**D. E. DANES (Swansea).**—The answer to your method is really so obvious that it will be doing you a kindness to ask you to look again at the position.

**A. NEWMAN.**—Thanks; the problem is a neat one.

**H. FOSTER.**—Some intimation on the subject may be made shortly.

**M. J. H.**—Join the City or Metropolitan if you want practice of the kind you mention.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2514** received from W. F. Slipper (Madras) and J. E. Daily (Madras); of No. 2515 from Miss Gilmore (Bhinga), J. E. Daily and W. F. Slipper; of No. 2519 from An Old Lady (Pateran, U.S.A.), J. W. Shaw (Montreal), R. W. Lamb (Oporto), Trial, and J. G. Ireland; of No. 2521 from Monty, E. J. Gibbs, and P. H. Gibbs; of No. 2521 from Blair Cochran (Clew), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. G. Gibbs, Stirlings (Ramsgate), J. C. Ireland, Ferris Thompson (Carlisle), J. W. P. (Brighton), Emil Ramm (Hamburg), P. R. Gibbs, Monty, and W. H. Windus.

**CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2522** received from J. Ross (Whitley), T. Roberts, W. R. Raitlen, A. Newman, Columbus Dr. Waltz (Ostend), Blue, W. R. B. (Plymouth), W. Wright, A. A. E. Lechse, J. W. Blagg, Admiral Brandt, Hereford, J. C. Ireland, Blair Cochran, Emil Ramm, R. H. Brooks, H. B. Hurford, H. S. Brandreth, Shadforth, Julia Short (Exeter), A. L. Jones (Belfast), G. Joyce, E. E. H. J. F. Moon, W. Guy, jun (Johnstone), C. M. A. B. Drayton (Clara), W. H. Windus, Sorrento (Jawlish), W. P. Hind (Scarborough), J. Nield, Mrs. Wilson (Plymouth), Z. Ingold (Frankton), Dr. F. St. T. Butler (Cheltenham), W. Amor, jun., E. Loudon, Joseph Willcock (Chester), Albert J. Mawer, T. C. J. W. Vincent, P. R. Gibbs, E. J. Gibbs, J. R. Dow, F. J. Knight, Monty, Martin F. L. Schlu (Vienna), F. Sharp, T. G. (Ware), R. W. Rorters (Canterbury), and L. Desanges.

## SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2520—By F. KELLNER.

**WHITE.**  
1. Kt to Q 6th  
2. Kt to Q 7th  
3. Kt mates.

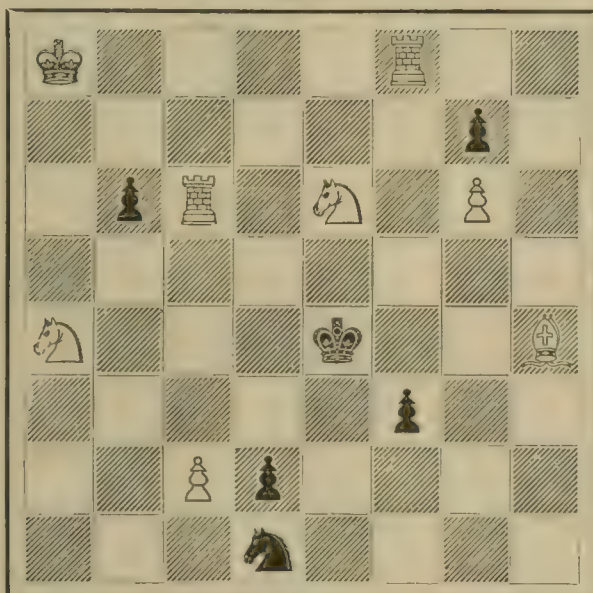
**BLACK.**  
K to K 6th  
Any move

If Black play 1. P to Q 5th, 2. B to Kt 3rd (ch); and if 1. K to K 4th, then 2. Kt to Q 7th (ch), K moves; 3. Kt or B mates.

## PROBLEM No. 2524.

By Mrs. J. W. BAIRD.

BLACK.



**WHITE.**  
White to play, and mate in three moves.

## CHESS IN GERMANY.

Game played in Dresden Tourney between Messrs. WINAWER and BARDELEBEN.

(Staunton's Opening.)

<b>WHITE (Mr. W.)</b>	<b>BLACK (Mr. B.)</b>	<b>WHITE (Mr. W.)</b>	<b>BLACK (Mr. B.)</b>
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	18. P to K Kt 3rd	Q to R 6th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	19. Kt to Q 2nd	B to Kt 3rd
3. P to B 3rd	Kt to B 3rd	20. P to K Kt 4th	P to K B 4th
4. P to Q 4th	Kt takes K P	21. Q R to Kt sq	P takes P
5. P to Q 5th	Kt to Kt sq	22. P takes P	P to K 5th
6. B to Q 3rd	Kt to B 4th	23. Q to K sq	Q R to K sq
7. Kt takes P	Kt takes B (ch)	24. P to R 3rd	
8. Kt takes Kt	P to Q 3rd		
9. Q to B 3rd	B to K 2nd		
10. B to K 3rd	Castles		
11. Kt to Q 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd		
12. Castles (Q R)			
13. Kt takes Kt	P takes Kt		
14. Kt to Kt sq			
15. P to K R 4th, carrying out the original intent, was necessary. If B takes P, Q to R 5th.			
16. A telling move, rendered possible by White's failure to advance P to K R 4th. Black threatens B to Kt 5th, winning the exchange, as well as Q takes P.			
17. Q to K 2nd	P to Q Kt 3rd		
18. P to B 3rd	B to K B 4th		

This is bad, but he had no good move. If K to Kt sq, R to B 6th; 25. Kt takes R, P takes Kt (dis ch); 26. K to R sq, P to B 7th wins a piece.

Clearly the only way to protect the threatened P. But Black's Bishops now operate with crushing effect, and, though the exchange ahead, White cannot defend his position.

27. B takes P (ch)  
R takes Kt P  
Q takes R  
B to Kt 5th (ch)  
Q to B 4th

The two checks threatened are fatal. The position may be studied with advantage. The game is one of exceptional interest.

## CHESS IN BRIGHTON.

Game played in the Counties Chess Association Tourney between Messrs. GUEST and LAMBERT.

(French Defence.)

<b>WHITE (Mr. G.)</b>	<b>BLACK (Mr. L.)</b>	<b>WHITE (Mr. G.)</b>	<b>BLACK (Mr. L.)</b>
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	10. B to K B sq	P to Kt 3rd
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	11. P takes P	Kt to K 2nd
3. Kt to Q B 3rd	B to Kt 5th	12. R to K sq	P to K B 4th
4. B to Q 3rd	P to Q B 4th	13. Q to B 3rd	Q R to Kt sq
5. Kt to B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	14. R to Kt sq	Kt to Q 4th
6. P takes Q P	B P takes P	15. B to Q B 4th	Kt to Q 4th
7. P takes Kt	P takes Kt	16. Kt takes B P	
8. Castles	P takes B P		
9. Kt to K 5th	B to Kt 2nd		
10. Q to Kt 4th			

The opening has taken a somewhat uncommon form, but, so far, in accordance with the authorities. Here, however, we think Kt to K B 3rd or Q Kt to Q 2nd would have been better than the text move, with, to say the least of it, is extremely hazardous.

An effective termination to a well-played game. Black must now be left with his K R out of play and his K in the worst possible position. The ending is a really pretty piece of strategy.

16. B takes Kt  
Q takes R  
B to K 2nd  
B to Q 2nd  
Q to Q 3rd  
21. B to Kt 5th, and wins.

Mr. W. Clark Russell, the novelist, it appears from a confession in an American catalogue of autographs, was born in the United States. In a letter from this popular writer, dated 1882, he says—"I was born in New York, at the old Carleton House Hotel, Broadway, in 1814, so that I begin to feel old. I was educated at Winchester, England, and at the age of thirteen and a half went to sea, in Duncan Dunbar's service, and was eight years at that life in China, India, and Australia, and found eight years of salt water and salt pork enough for one life, and settled down ashore."

## THE LITTLE CHRONICLE.

It was suggested in "The Little Chronicle" a few weeks ago that the most likely introduction of cholera into England would be through the migration from Russian territory of poor Jews and others, whose arrival here in squalid swarms has long been a matter of just or unjust complaint. For the most part, as the Local Government Board was then reminded, they come not only in poverty but in dirt; with a sort of baggage in the way of beds, bedding, old clothes, &c., than which the most active cholera-germ could ask no snugger harbourage or more prosperous conveyance. There is also a regular import-business in rags for manufacturing purposes, which it was taken for granted would be suspended. Well, the Local Government Board has now issued an order by which "No rags, bedding, or disused or filthy clothing, whether belonging to emigrants or otherwise, from any foreign port in Europe north of Dunkirk, other than ports of Norway, Sweden, and Denmark, shall be delivered overseas, except for the purpose of export, nor landed in any port or place in England or Wales." This is wisely done. The "large number of emigrants from Russia" who are recognised as a danger while "cholera is prevalent in certain parts of Central and Northern Europe" will probably be diminished by an order that puts their luggage at risk; while ship-masters will be keen against taking on board what may give them a great deal of trouble afterwards, to say nothing of the hazards of infection in transit. But it is obvious that the danger from this Russian immigration is only lessened. The cholera-germ is elusive, and may lurk about a very decent sort of Russian fugitive or in his not-too-offensive apparel and appurtenances.

Many stories have been told of the late Lord Sherbrooke, the once redoubtable "Bob Lowe," and they are all more amusing than any statement of his opinions can be. Yet it is worth recording that long before the close of his political career, and while he was still regarded as a power in the State, he lamented the part he had taken in abolishing indirect taxation: which is not the same thing, of course, as reducing it. He regretted nothing so much, he said; and with many arguments made out that it was the great mistake of his life as a politician.

The "common informer" was at one time of day a common nuisance, but under pressure of circumstances, one of which was that he found himself treated by judges, magistrates, and jurymen as undoubtedly a kind of skunk, he gradually disappeared. He is gone, but only to be succeeded by a more noxious creature in the shape of the private detective. Detective agencies have their uses, no doubt, and might very conceivably be carried on in an honest and clean-handed way; but the nature of the business is such as to suggest to those employed in it villanies of the most insidious and odious character—blackmailing being not the worst, though probably the commonest. Little attention has been given this dangerous pest, but we have had something to say on this subject more than once, particularly pointing out that since no delicate-minded person can incline to hire himself or herself as ferret to a private detective agency, the temptations of the profession are less likely to be resisted. Since those remarks were made there has been a case in the law-courts which the new Home Secretary should look to straightly. It was one of those cases which are the chief employment of private detectives. Through the zeal of one or two agency spies, a woman was successfully accused of an offence which in the ordinary course of things would divorce her from her husband; but, in the opinion of the judge, the offence was actually contrived and brought about by the "detectives" (one of them a woman) who were employed to watch the wife. "A more improper state of things than that," said Mr. Justice Barnes, "it is impossible to conceive." No; and if Mr. Justice Barnes had used harsher language, the supply of reprobation would not have glutted the natural demand. Supposing him right in his facts—as no one who reads the shameful and alarming details can doubt—the conduct of this couple of detectives proves that their business is carried on as might be expected from its very nature. To forge evidence must be the constant temptation of the ladies and gentlemen engaged in its lower walks; and it is not at all surprising if they sometimes carry professional zeal a point beyond and contrive the crimes they are paid to discover. But, while lotteries and some forms of mere gambling are forbidden, is that a kind of business to pass without police supervision and restraint? It does not look like it.

The newspapers had a story the other day which Charles Reade would have leapt at with the little pair of scissors which he kept in his waistcoat pocket in wait for such aids to novel-writing. (Reade believed himself destitute of inventiveness, and entirely dependent on the public prints, blue-books, and the like, for incident, and even for "a lead" in description.) Here it is, for storage by the playwright and tale-spinner. At Portmadoc, a cripple boy was trying to get a boat through an old bridge into the harbour. The tide was swollen; it was rapidly rising; and the boat was lifted up to the bridge so closely that the boy was practically shut in. Helpless himself, others tried in vain to draw the boat from an increasingly perilous position. At length, "when there was only about a foot from the surface of the rapidly running water and the top of the bridge," three men stripped, swam into the current, and made a hole in the bottom of the boat. Thereupon it sank, and the cripple boy, being carried through the bridge, was picked up on the other side.

At the last meeting of the Labour Commission (for the present) the making of bread and the grievances of bakers were brought into view. No further evidence will be given till about the end of October, when this special inquiry is strongly recommended to the attention of every householder and sanitarian. We need not mind when Mr. Jenkins, of the Amalgamated Union of Bakers, argues that every municipality in England should reserve to itself the baking business and sell by retail: not that he has any great prejudice in favour of bread, and would as soon see the various County Councils provide groceries, meat, "and all the lot." Neither need we quite believe that the bread supplied to workhouses under contract is "made of the most rubbishy stuff the baker can buy"; though it is true that workhouse bread often is what it should never be—forbidding and bad. The main interest of the inquiry pertains to the sort of underground places in which bread is made in nearly all poor neighbourhoods, the sanitary state of these places, the conditions under which the men work in them, and how the work is done; considering that the product is food, and for the sake of the whole community should be free from contamination. Town bakeries were atrociously unfit not long ago, almost as a rule. They have much improved lately, but some terrible statements have already been made before the Commission.





LADY HAMILTON AS CIRCE.—FROM THE PAINTING BY GEORGE ROMNEY.  
IN THE POSSESSION OF HERBERT C. GIBBS, ESQ



# HONEST SOAP.

The Testimony of Half-a-Century.

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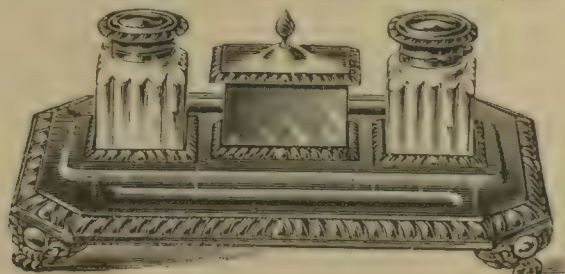
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## THE PLAYHOUSES.

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Among my dramatic treasures at home, tucked up away with many odd scraps, memoranda notes, and old programmes connected with the early career of Henry Irving will be found a small, insignificant-looking pamphlet. It is coloured a dirty brown. It bears on its face a hideous representation of a gaunt negro serenader. It is full of gross and unworthy caricatures. Its letterpress is vilely scurrilous and needlessly offensive, not criticism certainly, but infantile abuse of a man of mark. The dirty-looking brown pamphlet on which the nigger for ever grins is entitled "A Fashionable Tragedian." It purports to be a witty description of the performance of the play of "Othello" by Henry Irving. It is in reality a vulgar libel—uncalled for, uncharitable, and beneath contempt. This scrubby little book attracted some attention at the time it was published. This is the way of the world. When a clever man is struggling to the front, there are many smart lads quite ready to "cave 'arf a brick at 'im." Henry Irving is not the first man, nor will he be the last, to be squirted on by the ink of clever boys. Now, what was the intention of that pamphlet? It was clearly designed to hold Henry Irving up to hatred, ridicule, and contempt—in fact, it was technically and *primâ facie* a libel. Mark, then, the position of Henry Irving at that time. He was coming to the front by leaps and bounds. He had done brilliant work before; he was prepared to do better still. He had become the leading light at a time when the stage was somewhat obscure. He had played Hamlet with remarkable cleverness, singular effect, and undoubted influence. He was proving at that early period of his career that he had the serious interest of the stage at heart, that he would do for it what Macready and Charles Kean had done for it, and perhaps more. Macready, Charles Kean, and many more famous actors have had their detractors as well as their admirers. It was not likely that Irving would succeed without serious opposition.

But the question was whether this was the right or the decent time to lampoon and belittle a man who, with all his faults, was certainly no charlatan. There were two things to be considered: Henry Irving the actor and Henry Irving the future leader of the dramatic profession and the guider of dramatic thought. It was not so much a question whether his Othello was a bad performance, or whether it was so disgraceful, discreditable, and preposterously ridiculous as would warrant the publication of a pamphlet destined to make him small in the eyes of his countrymen and his staunch admirers. I, for one, will cordially own that I was not strongly enamoured with Henry Irving's Othello. I never rated it among his best performances. But surely it is possible to admire an actor's Hamlet or Iago vastly without committing oneself to a thick and thin defence of his Othello. The Othello of Fechter was a confessed failure: his Iago was equally an acknowledged success. But be that as it may, I very much doubt if any of the old critics, as they are now cynically and contemptuously called, would, in the ardour of their zeal for the improvement or the dignity of their art, have ever chosen this particular opportunity for throwing mud—and the dirtiest of mud—at a man who was earnest, sound, scholarly, and destined to be a leader of dramatic thought. It would have been astonishing, I think, to find men like William Moy Thomas and Joseph Knight—who are still loyal to the critical benches, and still subject to the sneers and insults of the lower boys—capable of writing or suggesting a pamphlet so scurrilous as the "Fashionable

Tragedian." We are told to-day with superfine egotism—to which a far more insulting term might be applied—that the intellects of the older critics are on a par with the degraded drama of the day. Our juniors are perpetually dinnning into our ears that we have no brains strong enough to understand meat stronger than Adelphi melodrama, that we are incompetent, impotent, brainless, destitute of culture, and that we had better get out and begone, and make way for the advocates of a drama that would illustrate the worst side of human nature and not the best, and would encourage the people to be more miserable and not happier than they are. We thought that we had done our share in consistently upholding the stage on an elevated and intellectual plane. We were not aware that we had ever cried down what was good or upheld what was base, either in taste or art. We flattered ourselves that we had something to do with the strong movement of the sixties, with the gentle protest of Robertson, with the advancement of the career of Irving, with the art work of our Bancrofts and Hares and Beerbohm Trees and Alexanders. We believed, unless we were dreaming, that men like Gilbert and W. G. Wills and Herman Merivale and Pinero and H. A. Jones and Carton and Haddon Chambers were not unmindful of such assistance as we were conscientiously able to give them. I, for one, am able to say that I have documentary evidence to prove the gratitude of all the leading actors and authors of the past thirty years.

But be that as it may, brainless and unintellectual as our confrère Mr. William Archer considers us, powerful for evil and never for good, as he is always anxious to impress upon the public—not always with much courtesy or the best of taste—we cannot, any of us, own that we ever wrote, or caused to be written, at an important moment of an actor's career a pamphlet so discreditable as "A Fashionable Tragedian." That pamphlet I have always understood—and I should be glad to be put right on this point if I am in error—was partly the handiwork of William Archer.

Among the latest arrivals at the Insect House at the Zoological Gardens, says the *Daily News*, are a couple of large Brazilian spiders, each of which is accommodated in a separate apartment. This isolation is necessary for fear of misunderstandings, which would very probably arise were they able to see each other otherwise than darkly through intervening glass. Even if they proved to be of opposite sexes, the softer passion would not be a sufficiently restraining influence; for the female spider is apt to love her mate so well that she can, and does often, eat him. These are the celebrated bird-eating spiders of Madame Merian, whose stories, unlike many travellers' tales, have in this instance proved true. The spiders are not provided with birds to eat at the Zoo, though Mr. Bates assures us that they do hunt for such large game in their native wilds; they have to content themselves with cockroaches and an occasional new-born mouse, upon which one of them made a hearty meal recently.

The *National Observer* publishes the following letter from Mr. Whistler. It is addressed to Mr. J. W. Beck, the secretary of the Fine Arts Committee of the British Section of the Chicago Exhibition, who had asked Mr. Whistler to send some works, adding "Among them I should very much like to get your portrait of Carlyle, and, if you approve, I would ask Sir Frederick Leighton to make application for it."—"Thank you, Mr. Beck! I refer you to my late experience in your Regent Street Gallery—historically recorded in the public press—of which I send herewith an extract. Sir Frederick

Leighton's expressed wish that I should 'contribute to the British Section of the Chicago Exhibition,' I confess, filled me with the bewilderment of Thackeray's little boy in the street, to whom he had abruptly given a penny, and whose surprise was more ready than his gratitude. Pray convey my distinguished consideration to the President, and say that I have an undefined sense of something ominously flattering occurring—but that no previous desire on his part ever to deal with work of mine has prepared me with the proper form of acknowledgment. No, no, Mr. Beck?—'Once hung—twice sky!'"

The Irish Horse Show at Ball's Bridge is to be declared open on Aug. 23. A very large attendance is expected, the Duke of Aosta having announced his intention to be present. There are 1345 entries for the coming show, as against 1317 last year. This is most satisfactory, being a larger number of entries than has been recorded at any previous show at Ball's Bridge.

A man named Stevens, who, after a lengthened career of crime, was convicted of a series of burglaries at the recent Nottingham Assizes, and sentenced to ten years' penal servitude, has, since his incarceration, made a rather interesting confession to the authorities, and has put it into writing. Last October a burglary was committed on the premises of Mr. J. Fowler, watchmaker and jeweller, Derby Road, Nottingham, and property to the value of about £200 was stolen. The police did not succeed in making any arrest, but Stevens has now confessed that in this case also he was the culprit. He explains in his written statement how he effected an entrance to the premises, and gives a list of the stolen property, which included watches, chains, rings, brooches, &c. When the robbery was discovered it was found that a number of clocks had been placed near the door and behind a shutter which had been removed from the window. Stevens states that he put the clocks there with the idea that a passer-by might have been tempted to take one or more of them, and might then have been arrested and convicted of the whole robbery. He went from Nottingham to Northampton, and thence to London, where he pledged and sold most of the stolen articles. He stated that on one occasion he walked from Charing Cross, along the Strand, Fleet Street, Aldgate, and the Bow Road, and pledged a watch at every pawnbroker's shop on the way. The police have thus been enabled to recover a considerable portion of the stolen property, which has been returned to Mr. Fowler.

There has been a very serious outbreak of fresh labour troubles in the United States. A large number of switchmen on the New York, Lake Erie and Western, and Lehigh Valley and Buffalo Creek Railroads have struck for higher wages and committed a number of alarming outrages. Twenty freight-cars standing in the Lehigh Valley yards were burned by the strikers, who threw a large number of vehicles off the track, and attempted to bring a passenger train entering William Street to grief. The Governor immediately announced his intention of calling out the Tennessee National Guard and of quelling the disturbance, but later telegrams announced that 150 cars had been burned on Aug. 16, and that the incendiary fires were breaking out in other places. Express trains from New York were much delayed, and a large body of convicts working at the Inman mines were sent away at the pistol's point by the strikers. It is feared that this trouble is a result of the recent difficulty at the Homestead Iron and Steel Works, and that it will inaugurate a time of difficulty in all American industries.

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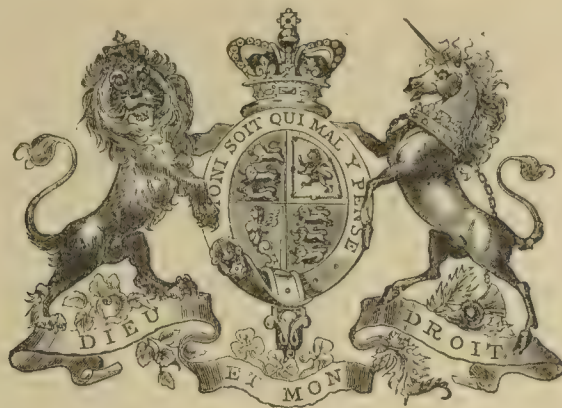
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## WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

The will (dated Jan. 19, 1892) of Mr. James Petrie, J.P., late of Rylands, Birkdale, Southport, Lancashire, who died on June 21 at South Norwood, was proved on Aug. 4 by John Edward Petrie, the nephew, and William Sutcliffe, two of the executors, the value of the personal estate in the United Kingdom amounting to over £97,000. The testator gives all his plate, pictures, books, furniture, effects, wines, consumable stores, horses and carriages, and an annuity of £1400 to his wife, Mrs. Elizabeth Petrie; an annuity of £750, and a further annuity of £500 on the death of his wife, to his daughter, Mrs. Eliza Letts; he also gives her a power of appointment at her death over £6000; an annuity of £600 to his daughter-in-law, Mrs. Maria Isabella Petrie, during widowhood; £13,000, upon trust, for each of his granddaughters, Edith Mary Petrie and Ethel Winifred Petrie, but in each case the payment of £3000 thereof is to be deferred until the death of his wife; and £200 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate, he leaves, upon trust, for his grandson, James Arnold Petrie.

The will (dated Oct. 12, 1869), with a codicil (dated Jan. 22, 1881), of Mr. George Smith Norton, late of 18, The Paragon, Streatham, who died on April 11 at Naples, was proved on Aug. 6 by Robert Norton Stevens, the nephew, and Miss Ellen Maria Stevens, the niece, the surviving executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £78,000. The testator gives £5000 and his leasehold residence, with the furniture and effects, to his niece, the said Miss E. M. Stevens; and liberal legacies to sister-in-law, nephews, nieces, servant, and friend. As to the residue of his property, he leaves one moiety to his said niece, Miss E. M. Stevens, and the other moiety to his nieces and nephew, Alice Norton, Lydia Madeleine Stevens, Ann Jane Deeley, Martha Walker, and Robert Norton Stevens.

The will (dated Sept. 12, 1891), with a codicil (dated July 5, 1892), of Mr. Edward Buckridge, formerly of Hereford, and late of Aberdovey, Merionethshire, who died on July 5, was proved on Aug. 3 by Frank Buckridge, Charles Young, and John Reginald Symons, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £71,000. The testator bequeaths £10,000 to Miss Olivia Tyrconnel Carpenter; £2500, upon trust, for his cousin, the said Frank Buckridge; and legacies to godchildren and executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his sister and brothers, Eliza Buckridge, Walter Buckridge, and Henry Bainbridge Buckridge, and their children.

The will (dated May 9, 1892) of Mr. Henry John Hodgson, formerly a Master of the Supreme Court of Judicature, late of 85, Onslow Gardens, South Kensington, who died on July 9, was proved on Aug. 5 by Mrs. Amy Josephine Hodgson, the widow, and Harry Noyes, the nephew, the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator gives his leasehold residence, with the stables, to his wife, for life, and then to his son, Bertram Henry; and his furniture and effects, the ready money at his bankers' on his private account, and his dividends and pension due at death to his wife. The residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life, and then for his sons, as she shall appoint.

The will (dated Oct. 9, 1886) of Mr. Henry Bliss, late of Oaklawn, Oakleigh Park, Whetstone, wholesale saddler, who died on July 13, was proved on Aug. 8 by Edwin Bliss, the brother, and Edwin Henry Bliss, the son, the executors, the

value of the personal estate amounting to over £39,000. The testator bequeaths £100 to his wife, Mrs. Margaret Ellen Bliss; and legacies to his executors and clerk. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife, for life or widowhood, and then for his children, in equal shares.

The will (dated March 29, 1892) of Mr. Christopher William Todd, late of 105, Cromwell Road, Kensington, and 8, Augusta Gardens, Folkestone, who died on June 16, was proved on Aug. 4 by Mrs. Ruthella Todd, the widow, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate exceeding £33,000. The testator bequeaths £300 and all his furniture and effects, horses and carriages to his wife. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, upon trust, to pay the income to his wife for a term of fifteen years, if she shall so long live and remain unmarried. At the expiration of the said term, or on her death or second marriage, whichever event shall first happen, he gives two twelfths of the capital to each of his sons Ralph, Clifford Alder, and Ernest, and one twelfth to his son Langton William, his sons by his former wife, Charlotte; one twelfth to his wife absolutely; two twelfths to his children by his said wife; and two twelfths, upon trust, for his daughter, Ethel Keep.

The will (dated Nov. 10, 1883), with two codicils (dated March 5, 1886, and May 16, 1890), of Miss Harriet Anne Amherst, late of Fieldgate House, Kenilworth, Warwickshire, who died on May 1, was proved on Aug. 3 by Miss Mary Fortescue Turville, the acting executrix, the value of the personal estate amounting to upwards of £24,000. The testatrix bequeaths £3000 for the benefit of the Roman Catholic Mission, St. Austin's, Fieldgate, and £1000 for the schools in connection therewith; £1000 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham for the education of persons intended for the priesthood in his diocese; £3000, upon trust, for Talbot Searle, Mary Blanche Searle, and Alice Searle, for their lives, and upon the death of the survivor to the said Bishop of Birmingham for the same purpose as the legacy of £1000 to him; £1000 to the Roman Catholic Bishop exercising episcopal jurisdiction at Kenilworth for the enlargement of the school and the erection of a suitable house for the mistress; £1000 to the Roman Catholic Bishop of Northampton for the benefit of poor Roman Catholic missions; £300 to the Prioress of St. Mary's Priory, Princethorpe; £200 each to the Mother Abbess of Poor Clares at Badesley and the Superioress of the orphanage attached to the convent at Southam; £100 to the Mother Provincial of the convent at Stone; and many other legacies. The residue of her property she gives to her relative, Miss Turville.

Letters of administration of the personal estate of Mr. William Capel Clarke-Thornhill, late of 110A, Grosvenor Road, Pimlico, who died on July 17, intestate, were granted on Aug. 4 to Mrs. Maude Estelle Garcia Clarke-Thornhill, the widow, the value of the personal estate amounting to £3005.

The will and codicil (both dated July 24, 1890) of Mr. Charles Edward Longcroft, J.P., late of Llanina, Cardiganshire, who died on March 14 at 18, Victoria Square, Pimlico, were proved on July 11, at the Carmarthen District Registry, by Mrs. Catherine Alicia Longcroft, the widow, one of the executors, the value of the personal estate amounting to £1702.

The Irish probate of the will (dated June 29, 1871) of Mr. William Colles, M.D., Surgeon-in-Ordinary to the Queen in Ireland, late of 21, St. Stephen's Green, Dublin, who died on June 18, granted to Mrs. Penelope Hatchell Colles, the widow

and sole executrix, was sealed in London on Aug. 1, the value of the personal estate in England and Ireland amounting to upwards of £30,000. The testator gives, devises, and bequeaths all his real and personal estate, whatsoever and wheresoever, to his wife absolutely.

Princess Victoria of Teck has expressed her "sincere sympathy" with a new magazine which is shortly to be issued under the title of the *Young Woman*. The Duchess of Fife has sent her "warmest wishes for its success." The price of the magazine is to be threepence, and the first number will be issued on Sept. 23 by Messrs. S. W. Partridge and Co.

The grounds attached to an historic building at Tottenham, known as Bruce Castle, have recently been purchased by the Tottenham Local Board of Health, and on Saturday, Aug. 13, they were formally thrown open to the public. It is recorded that the original builder and occupant of this edifice was the grandfather of King Robert the Bruce, and Queen Elizabeth is said to have once stayed in the castle. During the present century it has been a good deal altered, but most of its ancient features have been retained, and it is now an ornament to the park which Tottenham has provided for its people. Few districts have increased more rapidly than Tottenham has done in recent years, and as vacant land has become gradually covered with buildings, the want of an open space has been greatly felt. The action of the Local Board in making the purchase appears to have been generally appreciated by the residents. The principal streets were decorated with bunting, and a procession, consisting of members of the Local Board and other parochial authorities, detachments of the Herts Yeomanry Cavalry and the local Volunteers, representatives of various friendly and social societies, and the local fire brigade, passed through them on its way to the park gates. Here Mr. H. Moore, chairman of the Local Board, unlocked the principal entrance and bade the processionists enter. Addresses were afterwards delivered from a temporary platform in the park by Mr. Howard, M.P., and others. Later on there was a display of fireworks.

Mr. William Ackroyd writes as follows to the *Daily Graphic*: "Newspaper paragraphs on intercommunication between the earth and Mars appear to be taken quite as seriously now by a great number of readers as one was wont long years ago to take Dick's observation on the possibility of communication between the earth and the moon. How utterly futile such speculations are will appear from a few considerations. Let it be granted—what has yet to be proved—that Mars is inhabited. From what we know of the succession of life on the earth, it would appear extremely improbable that the order of beings on that planet is the same as the highest forms of life on our own. Mars is not of the same age as the earth, and may consequently be inhabited by another class of beings altogether, whose language is as different from ours as ours is from the Simians. The difficulties are multiplied if we assume that there are as many languages in use on Mars as on the earth. Granting, what has to be proved, the possibility of some method of phonetic or other means of communication—how is a code going to be established? A given sign here on earth might have ten thousand constructions put upon it on the surface of Mars. A proper appreciation of these difficulties will make all projects of interplanetary communication appear childish. Well might the French Academy of Sciences refuse to accept a sum of money left for promoting such an idea!"

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Dr. FOWLER, after an extensive trial, found it "a very valuable adjuvant in the treatment of nervous exhaustion."

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## "NOTHING IN THE PAPERS."

BY CLEMENT SCOTT.

Who was the witty bishop who replied to the vicar who asked his lordship how he liked the young curate's sermon, "All very well, no doubt; but I object to be practised on"? This story occurred to me the other day when I was idling on the beach of a lovely seaside nook in North Wales, contemplating a superb panorama of mighty green hills and distant blue islands and purple ocean. It was not Sunday. The visitors had not put on their "Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes." The chimney-pot hat and gloves, without which no form of public worship seems possible, were hidden away in the seaside cupboard. The men were in boating jackets and blazers, the girls in coquettish sailor costumes. The lads were playing cricket in an adjacent green slip of grass, and "rounders" seemed the order of the day. At this particular and eminently secular hour, when we who view nature aright were, even on a weekday, "worshipping God in the fields," it seemed good to some doubtless earnest enthusiasts to clash with the niggers and the Punch-and-Judy man on the sands by holding what they called a "children's service" of praise and preaching. I was compelled, whether I liked it or not, to hear some hymn-singing, which was atrociously bad, and some preaching, which was infinitely worse. It was not the conventional Stiggins of the seashore. He will come, no doubt, with the Salvation lasses and the big drum and the poke bonnets next Sunday, when, naturally, I shall avoid the seashore and take in despair to the mountains. No, he was no professional amateur at the amusement of prayer and praise. He was evidently some University undergraduate, for he wore a blazer with an elaborate coat-of-arms embroidered on the pocket, and he had induced his sister, or his pretty cousin, to wheel down a harmonium to the beach, and they were provided with flags and banners, and were cruel enough to range some wretched children in a circle, and stop their cricket and rounders and healthy play in order that he and his friends might practise preaching and hymnody on these wretched bairns. Now, I ask, is this seaside preaching on a weekday in wholly good taste? No doubt the youth is diligently learning the art how to bore his fellow-creatures eventually in the pulpit. But it is cruel to make these little

water-babies the victims of his zeal. What on earth had they done to be compelled by governesses or parents to sit round this lovely seaside morning to hear a lot of girls air their voices and the neophyte air his eloquence? Like the bishop, I don't like to be practised on during my summer holiday.

When will the railway companies allow the public the privilege of loaning soft white pillows for long night journeys, as they do abroad? I observed that a very pretty lady was in a desperate plight the other night. She was going up north, or rather north-west, by one of the midnight trains, and imagined she could have the comfort of one of the delightful sleeping-cars far into the heart of Wales. But when told that she would have to turn out at Crewe on one of these glacial summer mornings at three or four o'clock, and would have to change again at Chester at cockcrow, and by that time her sleeping-car would be safe and sound at Liverpool, she naturally grudging the sleeping-car fee for a three-hours snooze. But she was comforted when she saw on the platform some soft white downy pillows. Now she was all right. She would not be compelled to make her wraps and rugs into a temporary bolster, nor would she have to shiver in consequence. I always pitied Jacob with a stone for a pillow when I have tried to rest my head on the hard arm of a railway carriage. Jacob must have had a dreadful headache before he saw the vision. But no! The pillows were only allowed in sleeping-cars proper, on beds made up in orthodox cars. No linen was allowed in an ordinary railway carriage for which the fee is not demanded. This is certainly not the rule abroad. Many a sound sleep I have enjoyed, thanks to the pillows that can be loaned at every large railway station, and are not supposed to desecrate the sanctity of a carriage of any class. The poor lady was in despair. The pillow was in her grasp, but was snatched away from her. She was compelled to deny herself the rug blanket and to snooze on her bundle of wraps. It would have been adding insult to injury to counsel her never to travel without one of the little soft silk downy pillows that can be bought for a few shillings at any upholsterer's. To me they are as necessary as the rug, the ulster, or the Scotch plaid, and they take up very little space in the bundle, besides offering their services when the hotel pillow is as hard as Jacob's stone.

We men are sometimes told that courtesy to women is dying out. It is a lost art. Personally, I regret it, if it be so; but, after all, are men wholly to blame for the occasional want of courtesy to the other sex? I will tell a little true story, and ask the ladies to decide how far man's deference to charming woman is to be taxed in the face of almost studied rudeness or want of good breeding. I happened to be in Llandudno the other day, and at the general hour of table d'hôte imagined I was hungry. I entered one of the best hotels on the glorious promenade between the Little and Great Ormes Head, and asked the head waiter if I could have a little table "all to myself," as the children say. Certainly. He assigned me the isolated seat, as I was averse to disturbing the little parties who were accustomed to sit together, and to me the general table d'hôte conversation is hateful. I would sooner dine off sandwiches on the beach than at a long table d'hôte among strangers with their "small talk." Well, I dined, and dined well. I was observing and contemplating and looking out of window, and enjoying in a pleasant mood the last glass or two of some very excellent wine. In this contented state, at peace with myself and the world, I was awakened from a reverie by a tap on the shoulder. It was a waiter. "Excuse me, Sir, but you must move to another table." The room at this moment was absolutely empty. There were tables by the dozen unoccupied. I stared in astonishment, and pointed to my unfinished wine. "You must move to another table. This lady wants to sit here." Now, what was I to do? Point blank to refuse to budge, or to be discourteous to one who was eminently discourteous to me? I got up abashed, and took my wine to another table, but left it untasted. The "lady" took the seat I had left with a triumphant grin. She had humiliated a wretched man! I expect she was an Ibsenite, and showed this form of revenge to her natural enemy! What was the result? She conquered me by my courtesy. I lost my dream, my wine, and spoiled my digestion. But what do the ladies say? Was she right to trample me under her heel—she was a very pretty woman—or was I wrong to accede to her imperious demand? At any rate, I gave her the benefit of the doubt. I am aware that vexed and disappointed women write plays and novels in order to vent their spleen on the tyrant man, but I wish they would draw the line there. I can face my enemy on the stage, but not in a public room at a fashionable hotel.

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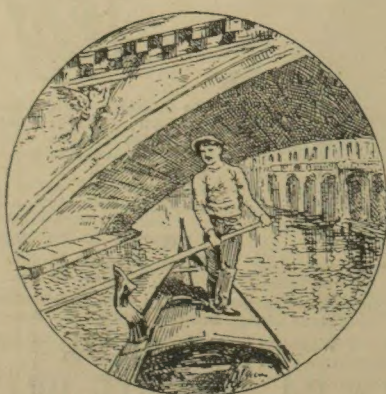
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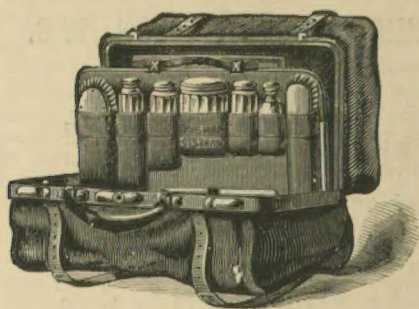








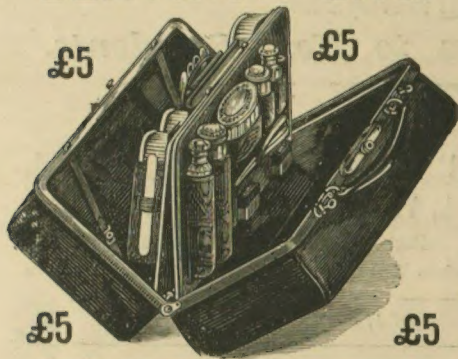
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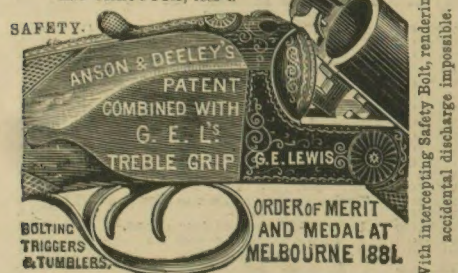
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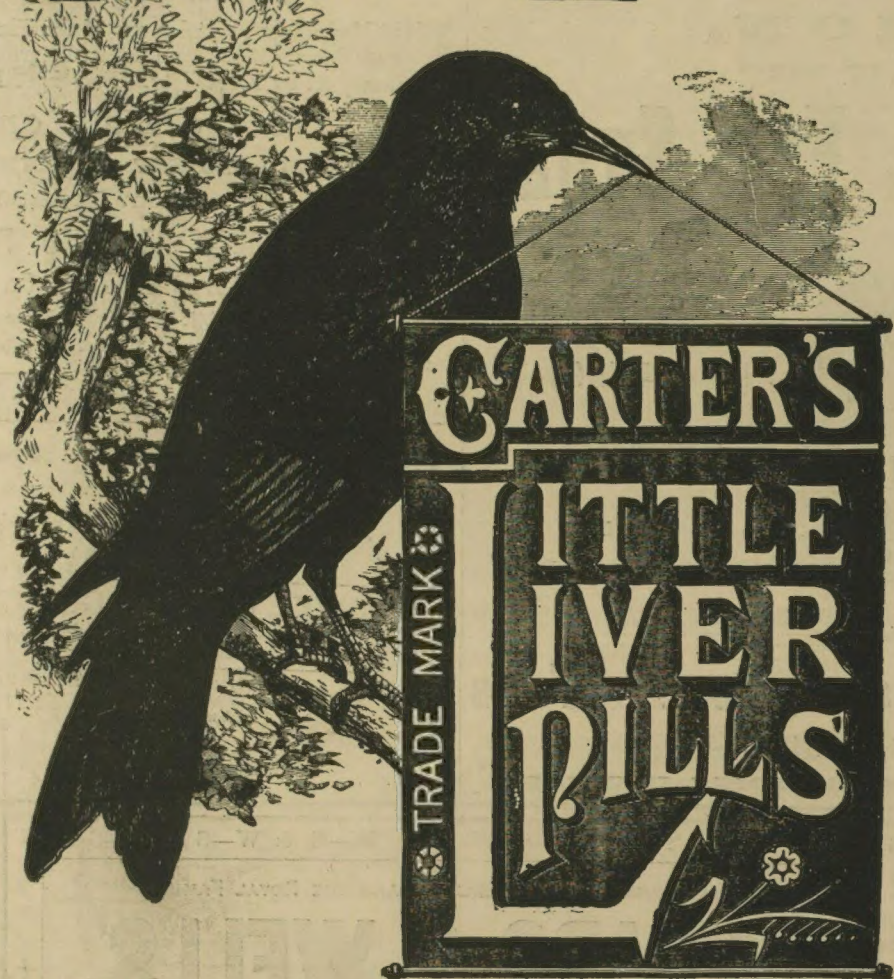


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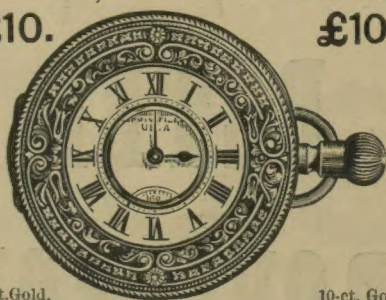
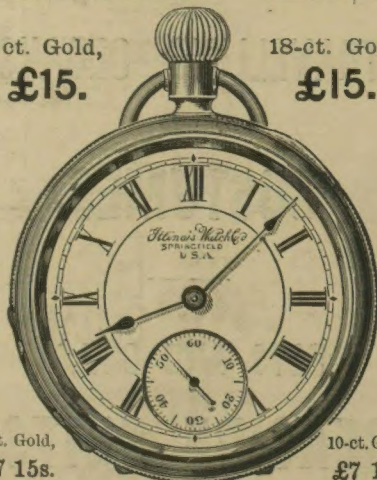
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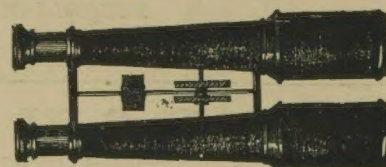
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